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The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Spark in the Clod

IF we moderns had more curiosity we could get along with considerably less formal education. Progress depends upon curiosity. Without curiosity there would be no books, no plays. It is a sustained curiosity that chiefly separates man from the animals. Curiosity is the only intelligence test which tells what one may become as well as what one is.

Why is it that newspapers are becoming tabloid magazines with a pinch of real news to every pound of emotional excitement? Lack of curiosity; the strap-hanging mind is no longer interested in anything but its own emotions, and it takes murder or an elopement to make it turn over and look at the world outside. What explains the resounding success of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the women's magazines? A narrow curiosity, intensely focussed upon things—how people eat, cook, dress, love, make money in stories and advertisements. Why do women do most of the reading in the United States, so that the success of a book depends, first of all, upon whether the women will like it, and second, upon its excellence? Because feminine curiosity, though lighter and narrower than the men's, is far more agile, and when aroused keeps going. There is always some subject in which a woman is burningly interested. This is not true of a man. Why do American books do so badly in England, while English books of substantially the same quality do well here? Because English curiosity has become provincialized. It is put off by unfamiliar dialect, or by a strange background.

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If this column could be standardized in lecture form and syndicated for delivery to every literary club in the country, the subject would not be art or morals or taste, but curiosity. Interest in life and in every manifestation of life, is essential before art comes into question, or ethical problems matter, or taste is important. Of how much significance are the literary proclivities of a clod? What difference what one reads if one does not want to read at all?

It is not enough to be curious; but there is no use in being anything in a literary way unless you are curious. To dislike a book because the life in it is false, perverted, ignoble, morbid is one thing; to dislike it because its fulness of life exceeds your petty curiosity is another. When the distinction is fairly made, we can begin to condemn the eroticism, decadence, and triviality of much modern literature. To attack characters of fiction because they traduce human nature is right; to wave them aside because you would never ask them to your house to dinner is a confession of thin blood.

A good reader does not hold back from a book. His curiosity rises to meet its ideas, its personalities, its interpretation, its peculiar beauty and particular truth. Such readers breed writers whose strength is as the strength of ten. They are sure of an audience. Observe poetry. Curiosity in poetry has for two decades been limited to the novel effects gained by poetizing what had been supposed to be unpoetical. Hence a wide outburst of realist poetry, the disappearance of the epic, the enfeebling of the lyric, the death of romantic poetic drama.

The brain of the reader is like a child. It can be trained, strengthened, educated, made discriminating, provided it is active not passive, provided it has vigor and growth. The infinite volume of literary education resounding from the Atlantic to the Pacific rolls on with little reference to this simple but elementary fact. It says, this is what to think, this is what to read, before there is any reading to think about. A charge of vivid curiosity shot somehow into the minds of those who are to be uplifted would make three-quarters of the lecturing needless, and the remainder worth listening to. One must be curious as to life before literature can be intelligible. Curiosity must always come before culture; culture smeared on a dull mind is like paint on a wrinkled face—a sham that defeats its own ends. It is far better not to read at all than to read without curiosity.

Caroline Speaks to Her Lover

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

WE are alone: wind in the trees
Makes a mighty, climbing sound,
Like a man who is casting his last breath
Into the uncomprehended face of death;
The moon cannot be seen
But sends erratic proclamations
Through the dark green barriers of leaves.
Shall we fight our way
Back to the blazing oppressiveness of flesh?
Shall we see in moonlight
Only the swooning slavery
Of emotions consumed
By the brightness of pain?
Many times we have shivered
In a cramped and closely begging drama
Underneath this tree.
Shall we acquiesce again, and say
That all of our thoughts and emotions
Are only quiet or worried lies
Postponing the emergencies of flesh?
Rest within my arms
Passively, and be content
With molding images
Delicate and poised,
And grasp my hand as lightly
As the air adores this leaf
Signalling above our heads.
The night is not as stupid
As the men whose limbs invade its plans.

This Week

"Rachel Marr." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"Bread and Circuses." Reviewed by *Gladys Chandler Graham.*

"The Vatican Swindle." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"Appassionata." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

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"Seventy Summers." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*

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"Theory of History." Reviewed by *James Truslow Adams.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Intimate Papers of Colonel House." Reviewed by *Wickham Stead.*

The Novelist's Material

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Author of "Green Apple Harvest," etc.

THE material of every artist is life. Whether he be writer, painter, or musician, whether his method be interpretive or simply reproductive, life is the stuff his dreams are made on.

The novelist has a special relation to life. It is a more comprehensive relation than is possible either to the painter or to the musician. He has explicit powers of elaboration and analysis which the conditions of their arts deny the others. He also has a far more intimate relation with his public. The painter can reach directly only a handful of people; if he wishes to enlarge his public he must consent to put himself into the hands of the reproducer, and an uncertain process lies between him and many thousands of his admirers. The musician is even more remote. Between him and his public lies not only an instrumental process but another personality, which may add to his glory or betray it. The novelist on the other hand can go direct to his readers. Neither instrument nor personality is there with its risk of dishonor; the printer can fail him only in minor matters, he can reach his public directly and he stands by himself without interpreter or mediator.

His material is the same as that of every other artist, but the possibilities of choice and interpretation are infinitely more various. The chances of his art reaching his public as he himself conceived it are immensely more secure.

There is, however, one intervening medium, though this again is common to all artists, I mean his own personality. Sometimes we say that the personality of a writer intrudes unwarrantably upon his work. What we mean is that the author has dramatized his own personality and made it, as it were, one of his characters—a figure outside himself. When his personality is so restrained that it is merely the essential condition of his interpretation of life, we talk of that writer as impersonal, though really the functions of his personality are the same; it is only that they are implicit rather than explicit.

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Speaking broadly, from this point of view, there are two distinct types of novelists, corresponding to the two general types of human beings discovered by the psychologist Jung, namely the introvert and the extrovert. Jung subdivides these two into many secondary types and variations, but broadly he would divide humanity into two main sections—those whose life is lived within themselves, whose tendency is to ponder and assimilate experience, who, in colloquial language, "keep themselves *to* themselves," and those whose whole life must be lived outside, in communications and confidences.

It is natural that novelists should fall into these two classes and that their personal characteristics in this respect should influence their work. The novelist who is also an introvert writes from his own inner consciousness. Experiences that touch him are not given a place in his art till they have undergone a process of absorption, at the end of which they may appear in forms quite different from those which they first took in the outward world. We search in vain the writings of such novelists for self-revelations or touches of autobiography. They have lived their lives like other men, and it is life that they give us, for they can give us nothing else, but it is life that has undergone a very definite process, a spiritual alchemy.

We are sometimes inclined to speak as if these writers wrote entirely from their imagination; we might even go further and declare that they de-

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liberately create a dream world quite different from the life they have experienced—creating in art what life has failed to give them, indeed that we may find in the books of these writers not what they have had but what they have missed. This no doubt is true sometimes and to a certain extent, but it is only a limited explanation. Imagination may do a great deal but it cannot do all, and a novelist who writes from imagination only is bound sooner or later to betray himself to the eyes of experience.

We are likely to generalize, perhaps, from the case of novel readers, and here it is I think largely true that many people read to redress the balance of life. The conventional protest that there is so much sorrow in life that we seek brightness in the pages of a novel, though exasperating, is founded on a psychological truth. Most of us, if we would be honest, as life goes on lose our youthful appetite for tragedy, and it is also true, speaking generally, that adventure and romance appeal most to those whose own lives have been comparatively void of them.

But what is sound observation when applied to the reader is not so sound when applied to the writer. I doubt if anyone whose life was really tragic would be capable of writing a sincerely happy book, though naturally it might be possible for him to do so from exterior considerations of popularity and finance, since literary talent is not quite the will 'o the wisp that some of its possessors would have us imagine. On the other hand a writer belonging to the order of introverts would produce his tragedy very differently from his psychological opposite—the book would be tragic, but the tragedy would not be his own. A writer of this order too, if he was a novelist of ideas, would probably express ideas akin to, though not perhaps identical with, those he held. To give an illustration—an introvert writer whose personal religious beliefs were Catholic might write a novel round the religious experiences of some Protestant fanatic. His personal beliefs would have enough influence with him to make him choose a religious subject, and they would also prevent him treating his Protestant in such a manner as to make his beliefs carry actual conviction with the reader. Hence he would probably deal with the more fanatical and eccentric aspects of the other man's religion. At the same time he would find the greatest difficulty in introducing his own particular form of faith into the pages of a book. The task would be repugnant and probably unsuccessful. On the other hand, the introvert novelist would not, contrary to popular opinion, write about that of which he had no experience; there would be some internal link, though perhaps vague even to himself, between his own personality and that of which he wrote.

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The processes of the extrovert writer seem on the surface, anyhow, considerably more simple. Given observation and a good memory he has but to record his own life and the life of his friends. In reality the matter is not quite so exterior; no novelist reproduces life without the added quality of his own personality. The extrovert adapts and rearranges his material almost as much as the introvert. It is true that he does this partly from necessity, since his open dealings with life must in many cases expose him to betrayals of himself and others; but he does it partly because he can give us life only as he sees it, which does not mean that he necessarily gives it to us as seen by his readers. In the first place, the actual experience, whatever it may be, does not mean the same to him as it would to another man; his own personality is at work from the first as an interpretive rather than a transforming function. "We all recognize Mrs. Dash in your new book, and we all agree that it is not in the least like her!" This remark was actually made to a writer, and it is by no means as absurd as it sounds. The novelist's view of Mrs. Dash, though the result of genuine observation where he himself is concerned, is likely to be very far from her friends' opinion of her and still more remote from that good lady's opinion of herself.

Just as the introvert novelist is not necessarily a man of small experience, so the extrovert is not necessarily a man who has experienced much or travelled far. Indeed it is remarkable that most women novelists could be classified under this section, whereas men, especially among what we call the classic writers, seem to favor the other type. Charlotte Brontë and her sisters are outstanding examples. Their experience of life was limited almost entirely to a country parsonage in the remote wilds of Yorkshire, with, in the case of two of them, a short visit to a foreign school. But out of this tenuous material Charlotte has evolved four novels of permanent value in English literature. It is true that her limited circumstances occasionally betray her; the fact that she had known few men beside her father and her unspeakable brother and M. Héger of the Brussels pensionnat, cramps her genius to the point of injury. Even the imagination of a genius cannot fill the place of a total lack of experience. On the other hand, wherever she had a direct contact with life, life seems to have given her all that she wanted for her art. The same applies to Jane Austen, who attained very near perfection within the constricting limitations of her sphere.

Among the men of their period—Scott, who was a contemporary of Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Dickens, who were contemporaries of Charlotte Brontë—we find that there is much more writing from imagination. Scott is frankly a romanticist, his personal processes whether actual or mental have undergone radical changes before they find expression in his books, and though Dickens and Thackeray are acute observers of life and dexterous showmen, their novels, with the exception of "David Copperfield," and "Pendennis," are almost entirely innocent of autobiography.

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It seems then as if the personality of the artist is of equal importance with his material, especially where the art of fiction is concerned. But we have a right to ask: are there no artistic canons definitely established, whose function it is to discipline the personal element and protect the subject from arbitrary egotism? The answer is that most certainly there are, and like all good laws they arise from the experience of many generations, whose dealings with life have been guided and inspired by a spirit beyond the limitations of even their collective personality.

One of the chief canons is that the artist's function is to select. The whole of life lies as it were before him in a tumbled heap, he cannot use it all, he must choose what is most necessary to his purpose, most congenial to himself and to his special type of art. This selective process of course goes on in ordinary life apart from art. Our memories select and reject for reasons profounder than most of us would acknowledge; our sense of proportion teaches us to give greater values to some aspects of life than to others. Where these values are upset and we see a man entirely preoccupied with things which the general consent of his circle has decided do not matter, we regard that personality as unbalanced and the life and character unsatisfactory. With the artist it is the same. He does definitely accept an artistic standard of values, though it may not be similar to the standards of ordinary life.

In the early days of the arts, as far as we can know them, the standards of art and the standards of life were further apart than they are today. In the art of fiction this is specially evident. The early epics and sagas concern themselves almost entirely with the doings of gods and heroes, of personalities unhampered by the limitations of our clay, and the history of the art of fiction is the history of its gradual humanization, of its slow reduction to the values of the commonplace.

Today we go rather to the opposite extremes, and the modern novelist concerns himself perhaps too much with the more trifling and unimportant aspects of life. We come down the scale from the Epic of Gilgamesh, who finds and loses immortal life, to Miss Dorothy Richardson's Miriam, who buys and loses a card of safety pins. The former now is outside the world of art that we live in today—we have yet to decide whether the latter has a place within it.

The question arises: is any subject forbidden to the artist by the canons of his art? Is any subject too negligible or too repulsive or too homely or too abstract to receive artistic recognition? The answer today would certainly give a wider scope than would have been given in the days of our grandfathers. All the same we must realize that there exists a definite emotional quality of æsthetic repulsion, and this is not without its place in the writer's conception of his art. Just as one's natural appetite rejects what is unwholesome and we are unwise to disregard its warnings, so the artistic faculty in us is repelled by certain subjects unwholesome to it, and by unwholesome I do not necessarily mean ugly or immoral but simply unsuitable.

I should be inclined personally to put under this heading physiological and pathological details, indeed all technical details which belong to science, whether medical or mechanical, rather than art. Technicalities, whether they be of the human body, the human mind, or simply those of a machine, are as out of place in a novel as an anatomical design would be in a painting. No doubt the knowledge of anatomy is necessary to the painter and the knowledge of, for instance, the technicalities of human psychology is useful to the writer, though it may be noted that some of our greatest psychological writers and creators of character were quite ignorant of them. But to show these processes, whether physiological or psychological, in a novel as has recently been becoming the fashion, seems almost an artistic betrayal. They have their place, but their place is in the novelist's mind, not in his finished work; they are the scaffolding which has no right to remain when the building is completed.

There are also subjects and situations which humanity as a whole has considered too ugly to reproduce and to dwell with. Art and beauty have almost universally been considered synonymous; is it then impossible to treat ugly subjects beautifully? Could not an artist paint a beautiful picture of the contents of a dustbin? Or of dead bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition? The answer is that he might, but in doing so he would sacrifice another artistic principle, which is truth. We have perhaps over-stressed the moral side of truth, neglecting its artistic quality. Art must be loyal to truth as well as to beauty—to betray either is to fail. Where a subject cannot be treated without the sacrifice of truth or beauty it seems definitely that it is outside the artistic sphere.

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No doubt it is true that there is beauty in many more objects than artistic convention has hitherto allowed us to suppose. It is the revolt from the pretty-pretty that has brought about the ugly-ugly, whether in music, painting, poetry, or fiction. But one is no more consistent with truth than the other. Truth compels the artist to face what is ugly in life but at the same time it compels him to face what is beautiful. Though his function is selective he must see life as a whole, he must not select from one side of it only. His function, especially in so explicit an art as novel-writing, is that of showman, and he must show life as a whole and as he sees it.

So we are brought back once more to terms of personality. For no doubt there are personalities so disordered as to see life entirely in terms of beauty or entirely in terms of ugliness. Art is the artist more perhaps than we have ever yet believed, and the material of the artist is the stuff of his own mind on which life has made its impressions but which still retains its personal qualities.

There is really no such thing as complete detachment. "Ivanhoe" is as much Walter Scott as "Ulysses" is James Joyce. Our lives are ourselves, and the stuff that the artist's dreams are made on is the stuff of his own mind and his own heart.

Mr. Edward Page Gaston, of the Museum Galleries in London, is appealing to President Cosgrave to open a fund for the restoration of Goldsmith's early home at Lissoy, county Westmeath, says the *Manchester Guardian*. The rectory of Goldsmith's father is now, according to Mr. Gaston, a cattle shed, and is in danger of collapse. Mr. Gaston, an American of Irish ancestry, is much concerned about it. He has suggested to Mr. Cosgrave that the Irish Free State might buy about five acres of land and restore to their eighteenth-century condition "the village preacher's modest mansion" and the enclosure "where once the garden smiled"—to quote "The Deserted Village," and to assume the identity of Lissoy with "Auburn."

The rectory might be used as a guest-house for tourists, and as Ireland is trying to attract more visitors Goldsmith's country might become a place of pilgrimage. Mr. Gaston estimates that £5,000 would do what is wanted, and thinks that lovers of Goldsmith in America and throughout the world would be ready to help if Mr. Cosgrave opens a subscription list. Some years ago apparently the restoration of the ruined rectory was under consideration by Irish archæologists and the Westmeath County Council, but nothing, Mr. Gaston states, has been done.

Another suggestion is that a Goldsmith window should be placed in the church at Lissoy.

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On a Grand Scale

RACHEL MARR. By Morley Roberts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

THE beneficence of the Blue Ribbon Jury should succeed in preserving the name of Morley Roberts as the author of that "The Private Life of Henry Maitland" but not of "Rachel Marr." For here is a novel whose virtues are superlative and whose faults are negligible. It is a vivid, moving, and passionate story of tragic love conceived and executed on a grand scale, and ablaze with so dominant a quality of emotion as not to be romantic, but epic. It is more than twenty years old, but it gives the impression of belonging neither to the literature of its own time nor to that of today; in the amplitude of its conception and the tireless vitality of its writing, it seems independent of date.

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For richly alive though it be, certainly "Rachel Marr" does not read like a contemporary novel, even a very fine one. No writer of today would write a novel of such proportions and concentrate his powers so much upon effect and so little upon causation. I do not mean that Mr. Roberts has for a moment shirked the question of causes and motives, for in "Rachel Marr" they are explicit and insistent; but the power of his book is not an intellectual power proceeding from a careful treatment of confused motives, of dilemmas, of introspective questionings; it is an emotional power that kindles the imagination and the heart, and arises from a series of magnificent crises. The passionate love story of Rachel Marr comes to successive heads with dramatic scenes of an instantaneous compulsion; and if sometimes they are theatrical, nearly always they are unforgettable also.

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They are not crises which advance the workings of a mechanical plot, but crises emerging from the hopeless terms of Rachel's love affair with Anthony Perran, crises which emphasize its hopelessness. For the events and happenings of the book evolve out of a struggle to circumvent a destiny which cannot be escaped; these two lovers, once you comprehend their natures, are clearly imprisoned in a situation from which they cannot be rescued, and the propitious and hostile forces surrounding them merely emphasize the certainty of their fate. They love each other with fervent intensity. But Anthony is a strict Puritan whose God is stern; the fact that Rachel is a Catholic, coupled with belief in self-abnegation, causes him to marry his cousin Winnie; and afterwards, in the full light of Winnie's vileness, he will not go to Rachel because he has plighted a troth "not only to the woman, but to God." Rachel, on the other hand, aflame with a consuming passion for him, can find fulfilment in no one else, and forgetfulness in no change of scene or existence.

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Mr. Roberts's art is adequate to his situation. His vitality, his power of characterization, his presentment of scene, his reservoir of emotion are Shaksperian, if not in perfection at least in scope. The death of Rachel's mother, the scene in the woods between Rachel and Anthony with its theatrical but supremely effective climax, the terrible picture of Winnie lashing Rachel's dog—these are masterly. Rachel and Winnie are both so charged with life, with feeling, with passion, that there seems nothing unnatural in Rachel's being an angel without a fault and in Winnie's being a devil without a virtue. The book offers a complete catharsis of pity and terror; the effects of tragedy are so powerfully conveyed that one has no desire to question its causes, to wonder whether Anthony's religious zeal is not more inexorable than it might be. I should say this is true because the book is not like a transcript from life, where corroboration is quickly possible through the facts of life, but an achievement of creative imagination and creative emotion. It is the work of one who transcribes not what he has seen and heard, but what he has felt in his soul and imagined in his mind. Fortunately it is the work of one who can translate his visions into words; Mr. Roberts writes in a Biblical, an Elizabethan style subdued to the needs of his own material. His style, his characters, his fashion of unfolding the tragedy of Rachel Marr lack the professional discipline of [illegible], the compactness of writing from [illegible] but they have that quality, very near to [illegible] which [illegible] creative power can alone [illegible].

A Dervish Dance

BREAD AND CIRCUSES. By W. E. Woodward. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Gladys Chandler Graham

MR. W. E. WOODWARD'S latest work, "Bread and Circuses," contains decidedly more circenses than panem. It is a dervish dance of anecdotes around the familiar figure of Michael Webb, genial hero of "Bunk." The book belongs to the invertebrate species of novel which is raining down at present on all the countries of the earth, at least on all those countries whose literature is eligible to English translation. Not that they lack backbone, in the sturdy Americanese sense of the term; the lack is of a unifying chord to bind together for some control the separate centers of nervous energy. If novelists keep on at the present rate toward unconnected anecdote, character sketches, and episodic poems, it will be only by the cover that the gentle reader shall know his magazine from his novel.

It is no secret that Mr. Woodward first took to writing when he was forty-seven, and that he is now fifty with three novels to his credit. This is a dangerous pace. All three novels are successful, and all three are good. But can an author, even one with such an exuberance of ideas as Mr. Woodward, do his best work at such high pressure?

Edward Teach (Blackbeard)
From "Strange Adventures of the Sea," by J. G. Lockhart (Stokes)

"Bread and Circuses" shows some signs of this rush in its uneven quality. There are, of course, the undertones and overtones of Mr. Woodward's genial irony, the pith and paradox of the man who has learned his world outside the library; there are, too, outstanding characters and deft psychologizing; there are passages of clear beauty; but one finds also characters who do their bit on the pages with little reality to them, who seem not to have existed before their appearance in the story, and who snap out like electric lamps when the author takes his pen from them. In a book which lays so little claim to relevancy, it seems pedantic to comment on the extraneous quality of some of the incidents introduced. But there is necessary a certain inevitability even in a picture of life as a chaos, otherwise it may degenerate into a chaotic picture of life.

It is a doubtful compliment, these days, to say that any author "understands women." Since an admiring public proclaimed W. L. George the foremost analyst of "feminine psychology" only to have him turn his acrobatic and remunerative pen to the composition of cosmetic advertisements, these particular phrases have fallen into disrepute. But no man can long remain safe from discovery who has drawn with such poignancy the sketch of Martha Trellis, from her young kiss in the apple orchard to the horror of her end, where "night and day there was nothing in that place but babble . . . babble . . . babble . . . babble." Martha's story is a little back-water of only eighteen pages but Mr. Woodward succeeds in giving her the same cruel reality as that of her sister in suppression, Elsie Leander in Sherwood Anderson's "The New Englander." Alice Wayne is another excellent example of Mr. Woodward's dissecting ability. Her timid and conventional gesture toward unconventionality, her momentary excursion into the reality of the emotional life and her flight back to safety, to marrying "as tightly as possible" a man who will present to her no problems, lose something through a certain awkwardness in the author's handling of the stream-of-consciousness method which, however, does not obscure her complex integrity. She is as contradictory as the woman next door.

Mr. Woodward has announced that he is at present engaged on a biography of Washington. One may venture a safe prediction that the public will find it decidedly more entertaining reading than the lately published "Diaries" which reveal the father of his country as most extraordinarily interested in uninteresting events. From Michael Webb to George Washington is a gigantic step but Mr. Woodward has already proved that his boots are seven-leagued.

An Important Author

THE VATICAN SWINDLE. By André Gide. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

TAKE away La Nouvelle Revue Française and where are you? French literature of the last fifteen years would be almost non-existent. That enterprising firm has either introduced or appropriated Marcel Proust, Jules Romains, André Gide, Jean Cocteau, Pierre Hamp, Drieu La Rochelle, Pierre MacOrlan, Paul Morand, Valery Larbaud, Guillaume Apollinaire, Paul Valery, Elie Faure, Albert Thibaudet. The name of André Gide is less well known in America than those of several others in the list, but in France he is the most important of them all and in a general way their standard-bearer. Discovered in the nineties by the unerring Peguy, Gide became in the early years of the new century the one rival of Maurice Barrès for the leadership of the younger generation (Anatole France being too great for followers and Rolland too moralistic). But whereas Barrès, abjuring the fascinating errors of his youth, became steadily more commonplace, narrow, and nationalistic, Gide grew ever deeper and more catholic. It was no accident that he who had written upon Nietzsche, Dostoievsky, Browning, Tagore, and Conrad, should have been the first after the war to demand an intellectual *rapprochement* with Germany. He has always stood for the open door in the house of the spirit. Whether his vast influence has been wholly beneficial is for the future historian to determine. He has avowedly loved life rather than reason, hazard rather than security, the play of thought rather than the seriousness of action. His questioning goes deep: neglecting the absurdities of conventional morality which are the whole stock in trade of many novelists, he searches the fountain-heads of ethical action and usually finds them muddied and obscure. There is no one "gospel" to be found in his work but a hundred gospels hastily suggested and let fall; inconsistencies, paradoxes, and casuistry abound; yet there is a pervading tendency to regard all experience as welcome because life is greater than any theory of life.

"The Vatican Swindle"—which is not as anti-Catholic as the title might suggest—is a particolored semi-novel of many intertwined fantastic strands. There is the theme of the Millipede, the gang of swindlers, headed by the redoubtable Protos, who work on the credulity of the faithful to raise large sums of money for the alleged purpose of freeing the Pope from a secret imprisonment by the freemasons; there is the theme of the conversion and subsequent apostacy of Anthime Armand-Dubois, the atheistic scientist of a type found so often in French novels and so rarely elsewhere; there is the theme of the unmotivated crime and Lafcadio Wluiki, as fascinating a devil-hero as one can meet in modern fiction. Humor, social satire, realism, and thrills race one another through what is essentially an Arabian Nights fantasia. Coming in the American series of translations immediately after the utterly different "Straight is the Gate" it particularly reveals the many-sidedness of Gide.

However chaotic his material and however much

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of an ethical anarchist Gide may be, his style is classical in its precision and order. In a characteristically French manner, Gide, skeptical of everything else, is never skeptical of the value of artistic workmanship in writing. To be sure, Mr. Ernest Boyd tells us that one French critic has found in Gide's work no less than "eight barbarisms, thirty solecisms, two misconstructions, several instances of amphibology, misspellings, some mistakes in the agreement of tenses, irregular usages of verbs, a vicious ellipse by change of number, divers superfluous negatives, several pleonasms, and certain succulent imbecilities." The weight of authority, however, among his countrymen, who are of course the only judges of such a matter, is rather with René Lalou's statement that Gide is "the foremost prose writer of his generation." At any rate, not even the "succulent imbecilities" are to be found in Mrs. Bussy's delightful translation, a satisfactory successor to her rendering of "La Porte Etroite," and, one may hope, predecessor to other works, such as "L'Immortaliste" and "La Symphonie Pastorale," which mark Gide as one of the most important of living European writers.

Grammarian's Funeral

APPASSIONATA. By FANNIE HURST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

THE style of this novel is undoubtedly the most meretricious that has come to my attention as a reader. In it, Miss Hurst continues to experiment with the hysterical mode of expression which she anaugurated in "Lummox" and "White Apes," apparently believing that complete insensibility to grammar and syntax constitutes "style." To this insensibility the present novel adds a peculiarly vulgar form of verbal intoxication; Miss Hurst employs words either in ignorance or in disregard of their meanings. A few characteristic examples of her rhetoric convey the quality of her novel.

"That was it! To yawn as Laura yawned made you shimmer of the ecstasy of the flesh. . . ."

"The urn-like loveliness. The body just that. A Greek vase with the slight flatulence of hips below the handles and the long tapering vase of torso."

"Little silk things that slid on so perfectly over your shimmer."

"St. Vincent's stood on the peak of a knoll of land that was shaped like a very fat man lying prone upon his back."

"You wanted not to feel the shimmer—the shimmer of being looked at by Ashfurth Ropps like that."

"You knew now. The shimmer was a shudder."

"Marble that was almost as mysterious as flesh and with the bluest veins! It had no legs. But breasts. And that flowing sinuosity toward waistline that there might be the flatulence of hips."

It is perhaps unnecessary to add any comment to these Malapropisms. This book is a serious insult to the intelligence of readers. One recommends to Miss Hurst an elementary course in English, the purchase of a dictionary, and the expiation of fasting and prayer.

The Heart of the Negro

MELLOWS. By R. EMMET KENNEDY. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ALAIN LOCKE
Author of "The New Negro"

"MELLOWS" purports to be a collection of Negro spirituals, work-songs, and street vendors' cries, recorded from the boyhood memories of Mr. Kennedy in Gretna, Louisiana. But more truly is this book an idyll of the Old South, a chronicle of the *ancien régime* itself, inimitably pictorialized. For Mr. Kennedy has set each song in a character or local color sketch as the case may be, and it is an instance of the setting outshining the gems. Indeed it is a book almost all local color, saturated with the poetry and humanisms as well as with the foibles and hobbies of the old patriarchal ways and moods of the South,—a book that must be reckoned among the comparatively few first-rate portrayals of that by-gone order of "Old Creole Days," "Marse Chan," and "Uncle Remus." One thing is importantly obvious as the memories of the Southland ripen and mellow down from acid propaganda to full-flavored history, and that is the extent to which, while the South dominated the body of the Negro, the moods and spirit of the Negro by some strange compensation dominated the psychology of the South. From a book like this it is apparent how deeply the folkways of the Negro underlaid the life of the whole section; and at least in the spirit of this author, there is in his tribute to the Negro spirit a chivalrous offering back of a sort of poetic justice in lieu of the social justice that was denied.

Mr. Kennedy calls his book "A Chronicle of Unknown Singers," but by his fascinating type sketches, —rare pictures for which we have to thank a singularly reverent and retentive memory—he has immortalized a few. There is a peasant singer for each of his folk-songs;—George, the loquacious, superstitious houseman with his nightime ballad of "Dry Bones," Uncle Andrew Barkis with his African voodoo talk and his ultra-Christian "Go Down Death," George Riley, the shouting Penitent with his "Lonesome Valley," and Hattie Sparks with her wash-tub ritual that always came to a climax with "I Got Two Wings toe Veil My Face." Occasionally the orthodox note of Southern fiction creeps in, but not all these figures have "sunny dispositions" and "happy, humble ways"; there is faithful, accurate folk drawing in most of them. The ballad of the "Dying Testimony of Brother William Henry," for example:

> Oh! how dark.
> It is raining down Brimstone.
> Hell is on fire,
> My bed is burning up.
>
> I have played too long,
> The sun is almost down,
> The lamp of life is almost out,
> It's bad to play with God.

As to the songs themselves, they are faithfully set down, and their unequal musical value is due to the unevenness of the life itself. Some are tritely familiar, especially now that Spirituals are so much the vogue, others interesting local variants, and a few quite rare like "Po' Li'l Jesus" and "If You Can't Get There, Send One Angel Down." These religious songs are interlarded with seculars, work-tunes, and street singer's cries in a way that gives an organic picture of the folk-life that Mr. Kennedy so intimately knows and so patently loves. Not since Mina Monroe's collection of Creole songs, "Bayou Ballads," has anything quite like it appeared, and Mr. Kennedy's subject has the advantage of being more understandable, and more warmly human in its appeal than Miss Monroe's. But the final impression is neither of Negro music nor of Negro singers, but of Louisiana, odorous with magnolia, wild honeysuckle, and japonica, and saturated with semi-tropical languor and privitiveness.

Lands and Men

SEVENTY SUMMERS. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

MR. BIGELOW was fortunate in his birth and varied in his experience. His grandfather was a substantial citizen of the upper Hudson; his father a distinguished diplomat and one of the foremost citizens of New York.

In 1848 John Bigelow became a partner in the *Evening Post* with William Cullen Bryant, and when he sold his share some years later it was paying him $20,000 a year. In 1858 he took his family abroad; in 1860 he was appointed by Lincoln consul-general to Paris, and soon after chargé d'affaires, and then minister. In 1867 the family returned to America and lived at their country place near West Point. In 1870, then about fifteen years of age, the young Bigelow was placed at school at Potsdam, where the now fallen Kaiser, then eldest son of the Crown Prince, was one of his playmates. So that he became very early as much at home in Europe as in America, and familiarly enough at home in the French and German languages. Two years later he returned to America, and after a year at Norwich Academy in Connecticut entered Yale in 1873 with the class of '77. But his health broke down after a year there, and in 1875 he was taken out of college and shipped in a sailing vessel for the far east by way of the Cape of Good Hope. He was two years in Malaysia, Japan, and China, came back to Yale in the fall of 1876, and graduated with the class of '79.

After a short experience as clerk in a large business firm, he entered the Columbia Law School, where Roosevelt was then also a student. Mr. Bigelow's dislikes are pertinacious and emphatic, but so numerous as to lack distinction. His dislike for Roosevelt was perhaps of early conception, but as his abhorrence of Wilson is if anything even a shade more intense, there is nothing much to be argued in the matter.

His career was hardly longer in the practice of law than in business. He dropped it to become assistant city editor of the New York *Herald,* and for some years continued in the Bennett employ, the last two in Europe. But the Bennett rule was autocratic, and the employ was felt to be precarious and not always dignified. He resigned and founded *Outing* magazine in 1885, edited it for three years, sold out, and with his classmate, Frederick Remington, as illustrator, went off to Europe to write articles for *Harper's* on French North Africa. Afterwards the two went to Russia looking for articles on the Volga.

* * *

Mr. Bigelow's narrative is so liberally parenthetical and given to leaping backwards as well as forwards, that the freegoing order of events has been picked out with some difficulty. Somewhere about this time he had established connection with London papers; "For twenty years I was of the Fleet Street fraternity. I made much money, traveled much, studied much in men and manners, and enjoyed life the same time." At one time or another he was connected with the *Standard*, *Times*, *News* and *Morning Post*. In 1897 he was in Spain, in 1898 in Cuba reporting the Spanish-American war for the London *Times*. His four-volume "History of the German Struggle for Liberty" appeared 1899-1905. His "White Man's Africa" came of experiences in the Boer War. He was three or four times in the far east, and his "Japan and Her Colonies" appeared in 1923. Four of his books are about Germany. He has crossed the Atlantic times unnumbered, been a known man in nearly every country in Europe. There are some sixteen published volumes to his credit, including the present work. For some years past he has lived mainly in the home of his forefathers on the upper Hudson.

Mr. Bigelow has had a very entertaining life and his story of it is entertaining. The story would have been better told if it had been told in better order. It could well have been put in one volume rather than two. The second volume is largely taken up with a miscellany of dogmatic opinions that will hardly seem to the reader either as wise or as important as they seemed to the author. After undergoing such a flood of promiscuous judgments on everything some readers might be inclined to think his judgment of small value on anything, especially on any large questions, social or political, national or international. Some might declare themselves in a state of wonder how a man could have had so much experience of men and affairs, have done and seen and written so much, and come to his seventieth year in so bumptious, unbalanced, and half-baked a condition.

All this would no doubt be unjust. Few of us can be so outspoken as Mr. Bigelow and give the impression of being judicial. If we wish to give that impression we must weigh our words, and if we weigh all our words our memoirs will probably be dull. But outspokenness in autobiographies has its perils. Certainly one way to be interesting is to be outspoken, but in that case one ought somehow to be likable, and one has a resistant impression that Mr. Bigelow is not wholly likable. On the other hand there is a half-quizzical smile in both of Mr. Bigelow's portraits here included which leads one in some measure to suspect that impression.

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of LITERATURE

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Morality and Intelligence

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By WARNER FITE. New York: Lincoln Macveagh. The Dial Press. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BENNETT
Yale University

I COULD wish that Professor Fite had chosen some less pallid title for his book. "Moral Philosophy" does not suggest at all its notable originality both in theme and treatment. "Academic ethics," says Mr. Fite, presents "a rather dismal unity constituted by the fact that the literature of ethics consists so largely of the discussion of some half dozen stock questions: such as, whether virtue is one or many, whether the good is perfection or happiness, whether the idea of obligation is analysable, whether benevolence can be derived from self-love, whether conduct is to be judged by motive or by intention." These and others like them are agreeably ignored. There are no historical excursuses, no classification of problems, no footnotes. Mr. Fite does not need to parade his scholarship: it has become part of his mind: it is there as something which gives substance and texture to his interpretations. In treatment, this essay, while it has a perfectly coherent logical structure, resembles less the development of an argument than an ordered utterance of wisdom. It is the mellow fruit, I imagine, of extended reading and observation and prolonged meditation upon life.

The theme of the book can be simply stated. "Morality is the self-conscious living of life. . . . To be moral is to know what you are doing. . . To be moral is to be thoughtful; to be conscious; which to me means to be self-conscious; to live one's life, if possible, in the clear consciousness of living." This doctrine has a negative and a positive side. To be moral means to be critical, and that in turn means to live by choice rather than by habit or by instinct: to substitute individual initiative and responsibility for obedience and deference. The first part of the book therefore is given up to a most telling analysis and criticism of the ethics of authority, whether the seat of authority be placed in the Will of God, the claims of Society, the Categorical Imperative, or the Laws of Nature. The central thought here is, of course, the Platonic doctrine that the good life is not the life one *ought* to lead but the life that after reflection and self-examination one really *wants* to lead. Or, from another point of view, we might say that we have here an application to Ethics of Royce's doctrine of "the internal meaning of ideas."

* * *

As for the positive side of the theory, I must content myself with noting two of its characteristic tendencies: first, humanism; secondly, individualism. Humanism is opposed to naturalism. Naturalism, whether in the form of pragmatism or instrumentalism or "evolutionary ethics" treats conscious experience—knowledge, love, memory, worship, for example—as a means to some practical or social end beyond itself. Fite contends that the critical enjoyment of life is an end, in fact, *the* end, of intrinsic worth. Utilitarian questions such as, What is life for? What are we to get out of life? are irrelevant. The only legitimate moral question is, Do you find experience interesting? What music do you hear, tragic, comic, or ironic, in human existence? What range of ideas, what degree of imaginative insight, do you bring to the conduct of life? Naturalism would exploit experience: humanism would interpret it.

A second consequence of the identification of morality with intelligence is that there is no one type of excellence to which individuals must conform and by reference to which they may be classified as good or bad. "Every moral philosophy is *moral* if once you grasp the point of view. Yet to resolve them into a system of good men based upon a universal standard of classification seems quite hopeless." "And thus I continue to reject the distinction of the good man and the bad, as a distinction morally irrelevant; and the discrimination that I have in mind is between the presence of moral significance and the absence of it. . . . For my own part, I seem to find ever less use for such terms as 'wicked,' 'sinful,' 'nefarious,' and the like." The only standard is that of intelligence, and so "I tend rather to think of those who are morally inadmissible as 'coarse,' 'brutal,' or 'insensitive.'" This might seem—

to blur the distinction of good and bad and to make any man as good as any other. But hardly, I might reply, if morality is to be identified with the intelligent, or critical, life—unless indeed we are to assume that all men are equally intelligent. Yet this will still mean that the intelligence of each is to be judged according to what he in particular is trying to do, according to his particular conception of life, or kind of human nature; and as for the kinds of human nature, none is better than another.

It is customary to say of a competent work of scholarship that it is a "contribution" to this or that—another little bit added to the coral reef of knowledge. I would not use this term of Fite's book, for it does not aim to extend our theoretical knowledge nor to elaborate a new system. Its power and originality consist in the way in which it brings home to one with the force of a convincing revelation that the moral life is a form of art. To live well means that you have renounced dependence upon the authority of nature or of custom or of fixed standards or of duty, and that you have accepted the responsibility of the free man who proposes to rely on his critical and creative intelligence. Just as no outsider and no set of canons can solve the artist's problem for him—he must solve it for himself, so the individual who would be moral is left to confront alone the question, What am I to do? He cannot evade this responsibility and be moral. This doctrine, as Fite works out its consequences with wisdom, with insight, and with fascinating literary skill, produces a strangely tonic effect. The moral life, as thus envisaged, is lonely — with the loneliness of Nietzsche's "creators of new values;" it is arduous, for you have to call to your aid all your powers of critical reflection and imagination; it is dangerous, for you will often be wrong, and there is no guarantee of safety. Yet perhaps for these very reasons the idea of such a life operates as a challenge: it appeals to man's love of freedom, to his sense of adventure, to his desire for the difficult.

To have created an image of the good life, so vivid, so fresh, and so moving, as Mr. Fite has done in this book is a high achievement.

Historical Science

THEORY OF HISTORY. By FREDERICK J. TEGGERT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS volume should be heartily welcomed by all scholars interested in the development of American historical science even although they may not be wholly satisfied with its treatment. It is a serious effort, of a sort made all too seldom in America, to examine the philosophical basis of history. In spite of the expansive idealism of the American temperament, the American mind is, in the main, preoccupied with the concrete and the practical. But the assemblage and utilization of "facts" in any branch of intellectual endeavor implies an underlying philosophy and the making of many philosophical assumptions. The man who refuses to consider these and who prefers to devote himself, as he believes, to the practical rather than to the theoretical side of his subject, does not escape them. He merely adopts them naïvely, wholly uncritically, perhaps unconsciously, but if he ever reaches intellectual maturity he comes to realize that he can make no permanent advance unless he clarifies his position as to the philosophy underlying his subject. This involves to a great extent a break in his accustomed line of thought and activity. Moreover, what with the insistent pressure of life, felt in academic as well as commercial circles; the constant stream of new facts being discovered with which it is almost impossible to deal; and the desire to show some practical result of labor, which is due to the general intellectual environment in this country, he is indeed a rare man who is willing to turn aside in order to pursue enquiries in the purely theoretical sphere. And yet any intellectual pursuit tends to become sterile and even to lead one to take many weary steps on wrong roads, if the scholar does not consider fundamentals. It is not, therefore, against Professor Teggart's volume but wholly in its favor that it is, as he says almost apologetically, "wholly theoretical." The weak point is not that judgment should have to be reserved until the author has shown by examples how his "mode of procedure" actually "works" but that he does not clearly enough indicate theoretically just what forms of presentation he would substitute for the admittedly unscientific one of narrative in the presentation of historical material.

The reviewer sympathizes wholly with the author's expressed discontent with the present situation of the social sciences after two centuries of endeavor to found a scientific study of man. In view of the failure to establish such a scientific study of society, the author says that he must assume either that it "is impossible, or that the procedure followed in the conduct of these inquiries has been at fault." He traces the procedures employed in the social science and history back to the eighteenth century, and shows the fundamental divergence between the traditional methods adopted by the two groups of studies.

* * *

In the earlier portion of the volume he enters into an interesting, though not particularly novel, analysis of that narrative form into which all historical material is cast by the historian, and shows that such a form is of necessity a creation of the artistic and not the scientific mode of thought. In this portion the most significant point is his opposition to the main preoccupation of almost all the "methodological guides" to historical study. These have all exhibited as their dominant interest a description of the successive steps to be "followed in the preparation of materials for the use of the historical writer" whereas in his opinion "any critical examination of the activities of historians must concern itself primarily with the form in which the results of historical investigation are presented." He does not hesitate, indeed, to say that historians by continuing to use the traditional form of narrative "have cut themselves off from any possibility of the attainment of scientific results."

On the other hand, he does not indicate with any exactness what form the new presentation of historical facts should assume, although this is implicit to some extent in his discussion of what he considers as the "second major obstacle to the application of the method of science to the study of man" and which he finds to lie in the contrasting attitudes toward the study of *change*. "Events," he points out, "happen" but "things undergo change," and "extraordinary as it may seem, scientific investigation, during the last two centuries, has maintained the view that the study of change in objects, entities, and things must be carried on independently of the study of events." As a result of this cleavage, he finds that "the study of history and the study of evolution are carried on in different worlds, and without appreciation of their common relations to the study of change in the course of time." He also finds, to quote again, that "pursued in isolation, historical study finds its end in the æsthetic appreciation of unusual happenings, while evolutionary study exhausts itself in the vain quest of processes of change," from which he declares it obvious that to arrive at a science of man it will be necessary to bring into one focus the historical study of events and the scientific study of processes or, in other words, to bridge the gap established in the seventeenth century between historical and scientific studies and to revise our methodology with that in view.

* * *

There are many other matters touched upon and illuminated in the course of the author's exposition of his main theses, but with these it is impossible to deal within the limits of a brief review. The academic historian bent upon producing a new historical narrative may probably complain that Professor Teggart does not tell him just how, in assembling and choosing facts, he is practically to apply the philosophical discussion found in this volume, nor, in spite of the valid criticism of narrative as an impossible medium scientifically, what other form may more nearly meet the requirements of matter and presentation.

Many readers may finish the volume with the feeling that the subject has rather been left in the air as far as the practical writing of history is concerned. That, however, is not a valid criticism of the book. Aside from the author's promise to show by concrete example whither his criticism of present methods leads as to new and constructive ones, it may well be claimed by him that a new form cannot be evolved save from a new methodology, and that that cannot be established without a preliminary philosophical critique of the methods and assumptions of present history and science. It is much to be desired that more men would devote themselves to the production of just such studies as Professor Teggart has been engaged in. It is not likely that we are going to proceed much further in perfecting the present method without such discussion. The collection and verification of historical data has

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reached as high a degree of "scientific" precision as perhaps it is capable of. The narrative form of presentation, however much it may be improved from the standpoint of the artist, cannot be perfected into a vehicle of scientific presentation. The field is so vast that there is unlimited opportunity for the writing of new histories of the traditional form on new topics, but it is not by any such additional piling up of histories, useful as they are, that we are to arrive at a science of society through history. If that is to be attained at all, it can only be by a complete over-hauling of the philosophy and methodology of the subject, and that requires that historians capable of grappling with the subject should put aside for a while conventional treatment and its sure reward in order to travel along paths of thought of uncertain destination, of no interest to the general public and, unfortunately, of too little appeal to their fellow-historians.

Salad Days

LETTERS TO A LADY IN THE COUNTRY. Together with her replies. By PAUL AND CAROLINE. With an introduction by STUART P. SHERMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by GERALD HEWES CARSON

IT was Mr. Hergesheimer, I believe, who discovered that forty was the dangerous age. Now comes Mr. Sherman with the new candor, laboring the point in the weekly public clinics which he conducts in the New York *Herald-Tribune's Books.*

Mr. Hergesheimer's exploitation of the theme was a bit heightened and extreme, as is apt to be the case with the great masters of the business of writing. But he taught us something about the symptoms. There seems to come a new color at the old horizon, a revision of view, an expansion of heart, a gentle up-welling of the life force, blending sense and sentiment, distilling the experience of years of living into a wisdom as mellow, as potent, as that induced by new whiskey.

"There are conjunctures," says Lord Morley, a writer Mr. Sherman regarded highly during his formative period, "There are conjunctures when this mingling of apprehension and ease, of aspiration and content, of timorous adventure and reflective indolence, is the natural mood of even high natures."

The allusion happens to be to Montaigne. But it might well have been directed, with exact but mournful prescience, to Mr. Sherman, who is equally known to have a high nature. But he is in the doldrums now, as this dainty little confection, "Letters to a Lady in the Country," proves with a depressing wealth of detail. The "Letters" are launched under a coy equivocation. The jacket says demurely, "edited by Stuart P. Sherman." So the reviewer cannot accurately say that Mr. Sherman actually wrote them. He merely assumes the benevolent responsibilities of editor. It is a nice point.

The ostensible correspondents are "Paul," a young Kentuckian poet writing advertising in New York, and "Caroline," a New York girl writing letters in Kentucky. She is married to an old friend of Paul who is pictured—one recognizes the traditional character of the part—as a sort of goodnatured chump. Jim, the chump, raises hogs and cultivates the bourgeois virtues. He is not neurotic, nor is he concerned with what have been well called the Higher Things; all in all, a poor companion for a sprightly lady.

When the reader ventures on the scene the relationship between Paul and Caroline is on safe ground, concerning "the sunset over the tobacco fields," the Flatiron Building, and a purely theoretical discussion of "moral holidays." Then, intoxicated with the aroma of their own personalities, Paul and Caroline flirt timidly with the idea of achieving a warmer relationship. The tempo becomes rapid. Pulses are stirring. But they either shirked the issue, or Mr. Sherman, faltering, edited it out. At any rate the end comes *pianissimo,* with a final recapitulation of the theme of birds, trees, and books. Summer comes. Paul goes off to Kentucky to look after his property. Thus the correspondence of Paul and Caroline reaches a fortunate —I won't say conclusion; for already the incorrigible pair are gloating in print again over "that perfectly natural little love child that we had by mail."

But in Mr. Gay's opera it is Captain Macheath who interests us, not his tawny double, Morano. And likewise it is Mr. Sherman who is, if you will allow it, important; not the young gentleman whose letters he "edits."

It takes a sharp eye to find the defender of the Puritan tradition in the bland and innocuous cosmopolitan Mr. Sherman has become. This generous appreciation of Anatole France, of George Moore, of Ben Hecht, of Francis Hackett—I wonder what Dr. George Sylvester Viereck would make of him?

Perhaps it is his first year of residence in New York which has moved Mr. Sherman to write like an elderly gentleman after a second bottle of claret. Warm, amiable, a little flushed, he regards the business of life and love with easy sentiment, and the shrewd suspicion that it would be piquant to study Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady from the point of view of their unassailable similarities. Stripped of his admirable astringent quality by the ineffable vagaries of a foolish heart and forty years, Mr. Sherman is fairly afloat on the broad, gentle stream of tolerance. One can gauge his drift with precision by the infrequency of his reference to Antigone and High Seriousness, and his expedition in taking cover under quotation marks.

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Mr. Sherman deserves, of course, the utmost consideration. He is no longer sure that he pleases the souls he ought to please, and that must give him some uncomfortable moments. Having abandoned a small audience for a large one, he is in the embarrassing position of having forgotten just what it was he wanted to say. This is not quite accurate; he is not embarrassed, because he has never regarded his plight from a dispassionate vantage-point. And it is not literally true that he has nothing to say. For, so stubbornly do men embrace their vices, Mr. Sherman still preaches on occasion his doctrine of sentimental democracy.

But indubitably Mr. Sherman has changed. In changing he has come to envisage "our lofty new idea of rational freedom as freedom from conviction, and of emancipation of understanding as emancipation from the duty of settling whether important propositions are true or false."

The odd, disquieting thought strikes one that each new book Mr. Sherman publishes increases the stature of his first. Of this unhappy devolution "Letters to a Lady in the Country" is the latest manifestation. Born, perhaps, to guide his generation, it will be written that Mr. Sherman chose rather to be its very perfect mirror.

An Unbalanced Trio

YOU WHO HAVE DREAMS. By MAXWELL ANDERSON. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1925. $2.

POEMS. By IRWIN EDMAN. The same.

PRIAPUS AND THE POOL AND OTHER POEMS. By CONRAD AIKEN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE three authors would be the first to complain of being forced to tune their instruments together. But the three make their bow at the same moment, pluck a tentative chord and reveal, with the first note, the *timbre* of their strings. Mr. Anderson is the violinist of the trio; he fiddles chiefly in the first position, midway between the vibrancies of the G string and the perilous flageolet tones of more intrepid performers. Mr. Edman, as suits his temperament, prefers the philosophic 'cello. And Conrad Aiken on his pulsating viola makes the tones of the others scrawny and uncertain, even though he seldom plays any passage above a reticent *piano.*

But let me discard the musical metaphor and consider the three lyrists in turn. Maxwell Anderson has nothing more to say than half a hundred of his rhyming *confrères* nor does either his manner or his expression differ a semi-quaver from theirs. His phrases are well assembled, his cadences are accomplished without effort and also without distinction. At his best he reminds us of his models. It is not Anderson we think of but A. E. Housman as we read the first poem beginning:

> The time when I was plowing
> The fields and days were long,
> The weeds went back forever
> And the morninglory clung;

In short, one looks to the author of "You Who Have Dreams" for other things besides verse. As a playwright, Maxwell Anderson has, it is evident, much more to give those who believe in him; as a poet he has nothing to promise.

Irwin Edman has more—both in potentialities and in performance. Much of his volume (particularly the second section) belongs to the misty mid-region between poetry and verse; the "Portraits" read like scraps of Skelton smoothed out by Hilaire Belloc. The sonnets are of a closer texture; without losing the inflection of direct speech, they attain an unaffected intensity. "So It Is Over Now" and "Now Summer Does Not Matter," though we hear in them the accent of Edna St. Vincent Millay, are none the less vibrant. More personal and even more firmly pronounced is "Acquiescence":

Parenthetically, Mr. Edman and Mr. Anderson owe more than they may care to acknowledge to their compositor and printer. No more exquisite examples of the typographer's and book-maker's art have appeared since Thomas B. Mosher published his four-volume Swinburne. It must be apparent that the Pynson Printers have given more distinction to these books than have their authors.

Mr. Aiken's publishers, after reading some of the estimates of "The Charnel Rose," "The House of Dust," etc., seem to have hoped to forestall the critics by binding his volume in an autumnal gray. But here they have erred, for some of Aiken's most colorful poetry is in the pages of "Priapus and the Pool" (first printed in a limited edition by the Dunster House Bookshop) and the more recent "other poems." The earlier collection, which dates from 1921, is already known by the selections which various anthologists have made from it. Here are those fluctuant rhythms, those half-mordant, half-mournful plangencies which Aiken has made so recognizably his own. Here is that delicate whimsy "When trout swim down Great Ormond Street," the poignant "Dialogue on a Balcony," and the exquisite lyrical fantasy (originally called "Portrait of a Girl") which begins:

> This is the shape of the leaf, and this of the flower,
> And this the pale bole of the tree
> Which watches its bough in a pool of unwavering water
> In a land we never shall see.

But it is the first part of the volume which will convince many that this latest collection contains not only Aiken's richest but his most important work. Aiken is, as always, the instinctive musician, playing with his vowels, repeating and turning his phrases as though they were notes and chord-progressions in the movements of a symphony. But a deeper intent than verbal music impels the new poems which are, at one time, darker and more defiant than any this poet has ever written. These are not, in any sense, pretty poems, no "songs for an idle lute." They are full of unnameable hurts, painful rather than sad, never the mere musical record of carefully coddled ills. The limpid melancholy characteristic of Aiken's early *morbidezza* has disappeared and in its place there is a profound and tearing anguish, "And in the Hanging Gardens" voices an unhappiness beyond the power of words; "Sea Holly" carries a tortured beauty, as hard and bitter as the mating of rock and rock which breeds it; "The Room" is a veritable hymn to blackness. The longer poems are even more drenched in desperate pathos. "Psychomachia" is the extension of a searching grief "torn from your heart and planted in your world." "Samadhi" (which once was better entitled "Concert Pitch") is a "golden, husky-timbred" crying out of nostalgia from the dark of things. "Tetélestai"—Aiken is in love with such titles—is the last, wrenched appeal of all those who have gone down to mean deaths, dreaming great things and achieving none.

All of which may make it seem that this volume offers its readers nothing but negation. Nothing could be less true; in fact "Priapus and the Pool" may grow to be Aiken's most popular book, exceeding even the appeal of the more apparently affirmative "Punch: The Immortal Liar." The reason for this is the introduction of a note new or at least rarely sounded in Aiken's poetry: the note of compassion. Pity is the transfusing element here; "The Road," a definitely dream picture, shows not only a profound sympathy with the human struggle but the poet's participation in it:

> We four passed on
> Over the hills, to westward. Then I felt.
> How tears ran down my face, tears without number;
> And knew that all my life henceforth was weeping,
> Weeping, thinking of human grief, and human
> Endeavor fruitless in a world of pain.
> And when I held my hands up they were old;
> I knew my face would not be young again.

It is lines like these which reveal a spirit larger than we had suspected; they establish Aiken's mastery over his mood, his material, and—greatest triumph of all—himself.

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Three Plays

THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF. By ASHLEY DUKES. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1925.
HAY FEVER. By NOEL COWARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925. $1.50.
ROBERT BURNS. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

"THE Man with a Load of Mischief," by Ashley Dukes, is that difficult achievement—a successful period play. Mr. Dukes is no amateur; his play satisfactorily breathes the atmosphere of Georgian England with its coaches, gibbet-haunted highroads, candle-lit inns, pump-room belles and rakes, and the gaming tables of Bath. There is even a gouty Hanoverian prince looming in the background, but no famous names weigh down the list of characters who are presented anonymously as "A Nobleman," "A Lady," etc.

Mr. Dukes proves himself artistically aware of the era he has in hand; he also shows a neat talent as a playwright. His play has form, it has a style as definite and polished as the style evolved by artists and artisans of the Eighteenth Century. His lines have brevity and an appropriate elegance; under the stress of emotion, they develop an authentic poetic lilt. What they lack, except in a few scattered instances, is the sophisticated wit which is a more or less indicated asset of the period he is dealing with. There is nothing exuberant, kinetic, unexpected in Mr. Dukes's talent; for that very reason, perhaps, he is able to be correct, to draw his picture with unfailing taste, to sustain a graceful note. More, he is romantic without being sentimental, and back of his plot there is keen and civilized philosophy.

Mr. Noel Coward, author of "The Vortex," "Fallen Angels," and "Easy Virtue," has published the play "Hay Fever," which gave Marie Tempest a bright opportunity last summer in London, and has lately been produced in New York. It is, like all his work, brilliant, spontaneous, and entertaining. Unlike "The Vortex," it is comedy untouched by serious intent. At moments, indeed, it is farce. It presents an actress, Judith Bliss, a popular favorite living in temporary retirement at Cookham with her family, which consists of a novelist husband, an artist son, and a very modern daughter. They are served by Judith's ex-dresser, Clara, who calls them all "dear," abuses them roundly, and waits on them hand and foot. Their life is hopelessly haphazard, good-natured, sporadically and fiercely histrionic.

"Hay Fever" is a trifle, but, within its own fragile limits, excellently and easily written. Mr. Coward's method should be studied by all would-be writers of comedy; it consists in weaving amusing characteristic touches into three acts, light as air, and yet never empty or unsatisfying. Mr. Coward's bravery in making, for instance, a whole scene out of the playing of a parlor game, is truly stupendous; he has a genius for the incidental and the unexpected and the courage to introduce them whenever the fancy seizes him. His dialogue in "Hay Fever" is as terse, irresponsible, and diverting as in "The Vortex." Mr. Coward knows his people intimately and makes them talk so naturally that he achieves the effect of life itself. We are grateful to him for his skill and humor; what is nicer, we like him as we like anyone whose spirit never flags.

To turn from this fresh aliveness to the chill literary mist of Mr. John Drinkwater's "Robert Burns" is something of a shock to critical nerves. It may be unfair to compare two dramas of such different type, but after all, Mr. Coward has done a small thing about as well as possible while Mr. Drinkwater has dipped his pen in dust and botched a big one. Mr. Drinkwater has had a "go" at Abraham Lincoln, Mary Stuart, Robert E. Lee, and Oliver Cromwell presented dramatically. A vein which was interestingly rich enough in "Abraham Lincoln" has now, through these various enterprises of great pitch and moment, worn dangerously thin. His latest effort "featuring" Robert Burns is an accurate epitaph. It reads like painstaking notes at the foot of some literal biography. That it should ever be presented on the stage seems unlikely. The play is learnedly appropriate, with no striking improbabilities and no inspiration. The dialogue is earnestly credible and undistinguished. The net effect of the piece is that Mr. Drinkwater has compounded a Burns anthology in which the poet lives, punctuated with instructive comment on his life in which he is dead as a door-nail.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Outside Edge

THERE is a little pond in a Long Island glade; a pond that will never be again quite what it was when Mr. Gissing used to go sailing on it and thought it was the ocean, for now houses are building near it. But it is a pond that has done a good deal of thinking, and there seem to be in it not merely tadpoles but other slipperies just as interesting as tadpoles, shoals of small analogies and parables. There is a big willow tree that sprawls prostrate over one end of the pool and has all the appearance of being dead and naked; yet always in the juicy season it has many green things to say for itself.

Just now the pond is a smooth shield of ice, and while children scuttle about on bendy ankles and accumulate small shocks at the snub end of their spines (this makes them grow, you tell them) you may choose a clear alcove and practice the new skates. One who has, ever since boyhood, used only hockey skates, and now abandons them for a pair of the more fanciful sort (with curly Dutch ends) finds he has to learn all over again. Hockey skates are worthless except for straightaway speeding and sliding; and how pleasant it is to find that on these new curved runners one can, no matter how clumsily, swing to and fro in arcs and spirals. But as I say, it requires learning anew; it requires a fresh notion and theory of the business of skating; a quite different balance and purpose. But learning all over again is the life-job of the artist, and he who never attempts it is damned.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is an extraordinary excitement, even for the duffer who has never done more than coast about on hockey skates, to learn that on the new runners he can lean over on the outside edge and find himself miraculously carried round on one foot in a happy spiral. The cunning steel, once you have learned to confide upon it, does not slither but cuts clean and true; the children are too occupied in their own equilibrations to make merry over your tentative antics, your experiments with the spare leg. It requires recklessness to catch just the proper lean and poise: the gesture is obviously impossible, and yet, now and then, it succeeds. You get discouraged, of course; you go home presently on flat weary feet, and think it over. And in the three books that you pick up, that evening, you are reassured to find that your private and silly little analogy about the Outside Edge is abundantly confirmed. In literature and in art and in everything else, I suppose, it isn't until you get off the flat-runnered hockey skates and lean over on insupportable nothing that you begin to feel the authentic ecstasy and pang. The people, for instance, who squabble about whether the Ten Commandments should be taught in schools, have never taken off their hockey skates. Was there ever a more delicious episode than that of the lady who objected to the inculcation of Thou Shalt Not Kill among the urchins of New York City? It is pacifist propaganda, she said. She will never say truer word. And the reason is obvious why bishops and statesmen and trustees and editors and managing people of all sorts wear glittering hockey skates. They have to speed with extreme rapidity over very thin ice. They earn their living by keeping people contented and as far as possible preventing awkward questions. But the artist, who lives (at any rate part of the time) by agitating people with unbearable doubts and intolerable intimations of glory, cannot be satisfied with those long straightforward strokes. He must choose some clear corner and practise his perilous grapevine pattern. It is for him as it was for Marlow in "Lord Jim"—

> It seemed to me I was being made to comprehend the Inconceivable—and I know of nothing to compare with the discomfort of such a sensation. I was made to look at the convention that lurks in all truth and on the essential sincerity of falsehood. He appealed to all sides at once,—to the side turned perpetually to the light of day, and to that side of us which, like the other hemisphere of the moon, exists stealthily in perpetual darkness, with only a fearful ashy light falling at times on the edge . . . as if the obscure truth involved were momentous enough to affect mankind's conception of itself.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There, you see, is Conrad leaning over pretty far on the outside edge. There are no hockey skates on *his* feet when he's telling a story. I know people who have read, several times, the first hundred or so pages of "Lord Jim" and have never got any farther because they found, having minds active for analogy, as much to think about as they could carry. The book, you see, like almost every other exciting book, runs into theology; and Lord Jim himself is an interesting symbol of almost everyone, who (with the most honorable motives, obviously) hastens to embark in his lifeboat of some creed or set of Commandments and leave the shipload of pilgrims to its own fate. Even the French gunboat that eventually rescued the *Patna*, you remember, had two quartermasters ready with axes to cut the towing-hawser in case she began to go down. . . . It is the readiness of theologians to be first into the lifeboats, the intellectual lifeboats of course, that causes so many nowadays to cry "What can I do *not* to be saved?" Rightly does Marlow say, in that thoroughly dreadful book, "It was solemn, and a little ridiculous too, as they always are, those struggles of an individual trying to save from the fire his idea of what his moral identity should be, this precious notion of a convention, only one of the rules of the game, nothing more, but all the same so terribly effective by its assumption of unlimited power over natural instincts, by the awful penalty of its failure."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

When the artist leans surely enough on the outside edge, the steel cuts its ringing and perfect curve. It may not be easy for us to say precisely what he "means;" for instance it is exhilarating to find the dramatic critics somewhat incoherent in their comments on Franz Werfel's amazing "Goat Song" which the always audacious Theatre Guild has produced. I have not seen the play but I've read it (it has just been published in a paper-bound copy) and find it thrilling. What does it "mean"? But what does "Hamlet" mean? I don't know that anyone ever attempted a *précis*, and it never occurred to me before even to wonder. For when an artist is skating like that, leaning far over on the intangible, the reader's secret comprehensions and anxious intuitions rise up to meet and support him, just as the shifting slopes and poises of balance keep the steel runner curving on its graving arc. When the young student in "Goat Song," suggested to be a son of Pan, says "Perhaps I've only had one joy in all my life, the time I saw a forest burn," it may sound senseless, but the poet knows instantly what he intends. So, throughout that strange orgiastic play, Werfel speaks to something which is deeper than any of man's catchwords. When critics tell you that they don't know what a thing means, sometimes it is because they know perfectly well but don't believe it mannerly to tell. And that, I repeat, is what poets are for: to frighten us, literally, out of our everyday wits; to make us look at the dog on the hearthrug and wonder if he is wiser than we.

Nor is the poet, when he skates on the outside edge, always terrifying or cruel. It may be such winsome and adorable stuff as Elizabeth Mackinstry has given us in a book I have seen too little praised —"Puck in Pasture," a collection of goblin poems written and illustrated by one who has the true pixie spirit. It is an ideal book to brood upon on a snowy evening when the fire burns low, when the naked trees show their dark crisscross against the dull moonhazed sky, when the mouse fleets back to the pot-cupboard and the dog sighs on the rug. At such moments solitude seems no longer shameful; your own uneasiness as you prowl restlessly about proves that the elfin world is near. If you sleep it will be to dream fearfully, perhaps; and to startle happily back into the customary world and learn how comfortable (after all!) it is. You have been skating on the Outside Edge. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Several manuscripts, including one submitted by Sherwood Anderson, were burned recently in a small fire in the basement of Boni & Liveright's publishing house. They were on a table in the president's office which was overturned, throwing them into an open grate.

The Anderson manuscript was in handwriting and had been submitted for publication this spring under the title of "Sherwood Anderson's Notebook." A novel by Upton Sinclair entitled "Oil," and the manuscript of a new play by Edwin Justus Mayer, just back from Europe, were also partially destroyed. In neither case, however, is the damage se[illegible]s copies of both are in existence.

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Books of Special Interest

About "Antiques"

ANTIQUES. By SUSAN M. LOCKWOOD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $3.50.

TIME, TASTE, AND FURNITURE. By JOHN GLOAG. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $5.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF CHINAWARE. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and ROGER WEARNE RAMSDELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO

HUNTING for and collecting antiques is perhaps the most universally popular of all hobbies. To that statement I shall hold steadfast though it be disputed—as of course it will—by the devotees of sundry other hobbies. The term "antiques" is rather arbitrarily restricted in usage. Roughly, it may be said to apply to old domestic furniture and furnishings, pottery, chinaware, and glass, utensils of brass, copper, pewter, iron, or tin, and the varied category of things classified as *bric-a-brac*. Books, paintings, sculptures, engravings, coins, medals, stamps, armor, jewels, autographs, and manuscripts are not included in the term "antiques," no matter how old they may be. They are separately classified with such uniformity that nobody refers to them as antiques, though there is no less antiquarian interest in old engravings than in old furniture. The differentiation is an arbitrary one, but it is not the less useful for that.

Mrs. Lockwood's book is chiefly notable for its limitations and shortcomings. The excellent illustrations by Ernest Stock, admirably supplemented by the drawings by Ilonka Karasz which decorate the end papers, are greatly superior to the text. As an informative treatise and critcal guide the book is of negligible value. The author would doubtless cheerfully admit that her work is of such elementary character, and such superficial sketchiness, as to offer nothing of value to the collector of even moderate experience and knowledge. Her obvious aim is to afford guidance to beginners. Even this modest aim is not competently fulfilled, one regrets to say.

In one hundred and fifty pages of text, with generous margins and numerous illustrations, Mrs. Lockwood has covered the whole range of antiques, including chapters on Fakes and Reproductions and Restorations. It is hardly necessary in the face of this fact to say that the book is more remarkable for saying very little about a great many things than much about anything. Inevitably, this tabloid treatment of a rather complicated subject leads to much dangerous dogmatism and to the making of assertions which cannot be sustained. In discussing the various kinds of wood used in making early furniture she makes the extraordinary statement that neither plain nor curly maple is ever found in furniture made abroad, "so that any bit of maple in a piece is indisputable evidence that it was made over here." The beginner who believes that will have to unlearn it before going very far! With mere mention of the fact that fine pieces of maple furniture are found in Russia and the Scandinavian countries, I call specific attention to the fact that maple furniture is by no means unknown in England. In Volume One of the new "Dictionary of English Furniture," by Macquoid and Edwards, is illustrated a notable bureau with maple veneering. It is indubitably English, a fine specimen of English cabinet making. In the recent Reilly sale at the Anderson Galleries there was a splendid English *torchere* of carved maple. In old Provençal furniture, also, it is common to find inlaid maple, pretty much as in the best of our American furniture. There was an admirable example, by the way, in the Granier sale at the Anderson Galleries in December, a fine upright desk.

Much more satisfactory in every way is John Gloag's scholarly volume. It may as well be said at once that this is a notable addition to the permanently valuable literature of the subject. To avoid misunderstanding let me at once add that although I have chosen to include it in this discussion of antiques, the book is not intended as a guide to collectors of antique furniture. Mr. Gloag's purpose is rather to guide his readers in the always difficult matter of furnishing with good taste. Part I—rather more than one-half of the entire book—is given up to a history of furniture design and manufacture from 1500 to 1830, or thereabouts, with a culminating discussion of the manufacture of spurious "antiques"—which, by the way, is one of the most flourishing businesses we have. Bringing to his subject ample and sound scholarship, while he modestly insists that for authentic and detailed guidance collectors must go to the works of Gescinsky, Macquoid, and others, Mr. Gloag takes us step by step through the Queen Anne and early Georgian periods of anonymous design and craftsmanship, on through the work of the great masters—Chippendale, Shearer, Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Phyfe.

Part II of the book is devoted to the Victorian debasement of furniture designing, and the notable recovery in the twentieth century, of which the work of William Morris was the precursor. Directly inspired by Morris, such men as Ernest Gimson, J. Henry Sellers, and Sidney Barnsley, have created designs, and made furniture, as fine as anything ever done by Chippendale or Hepplewhite or Sheraton. Part III of the work is an expert guide to the homemaker in the selection and arrangement of furniture. To sum the whole matter up, the person whose study of furniture making and designing must be confined to a single volume will be well advised to select this admirable volume for that purpose. Certainly, there is no better.

The number of elaborately illustrated and rather expensive books on ceramics recently published in England, in succession to a large number issued during the past thirty years or so, would seem to indicate that collectors of earthenware and china are much more numerous on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. Be that how it may, it is certain that interest in the subject is rapidly growing in this country. Not only is the number of collectors growing, but anybody who follows the auctions will know that men of affairs are turning to this most fascinating hobby just as English men of affairs have long done. Mr. Gladstone could talk about Wedgwood china in the most critical hours of his parliamentary life. The great Doctor Johnson was enraptured by a dainty bit of china: a simple mug from the Bow pottery would delight his soul beyond his copious powers of expression, and he even experimented with "potting" himself, so complete was his devotion to his hobby.

The authors of "The Practical Book of Chinaware" claim for their book that it is "the only work in one volume that covers the chinaware of all countries." That is a claim which they would find it difficult to sustain, I fancy. The monumental work of Chaffers covers, in a single volume, quite as large a part of the chinaware of the world as their work does. Possibly the work of Miss Jennie L. Young, published in this country nearly fifty years ago, by the Harpers, and now out of print, was regarded as non-existent—a sound enough view of out-of-print books. Be that as it may, it is worth while noting that so long ago Miss Young did precisely what they have now done. Personally, I see no good reason for their boast. Another English writer, Mr. Hobson, covered the ground with as much adequacy some twenty years ago.

Having set up the claim, the authors can hardly complain if attention is called to the fact that it repreesnts, at best, no more than others have done before. That is of no great consequence, however, for the distinction of their work, and its claim to serious attention, do not rest upon the feature which they single out. Messrs. Eberlein and Ramsdell have produced a great work, betokening on every page its ripened and comprehensive scholarship. Covering pretty much the same ground as the well-known work of Burton, published in two sumptuous volumes some four years ago, they have produced a work which does not suffer by comparison with that of Burton. Essentially a book for reference rather than general reading, the ultimate test of its worth must be its adequacy as a ready source of information, as an authentic and dependable answerer of questions. Accordingly the reviewer has tested it by turning to it for a diversified lot of information, with far more than average satisfaction in the result. Thanks to an adequate index, a vast amount of information is made readily accessible. More than this it would be foolish to expect from any book on the subject.

Spanish Letters

AN INTRODUCTION TO SPANISH LITERATURE. By GEORGE TYLER NORTHUP. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by RUDOLPH SCHEVILL
University of California

RECENT years have witnessed the appearance of a number of histories of Spanish literature, which have greatly differed in character and scope. Professor Northup has added to the extensive list a compendious narrative which deserves a place of its own. It is lucid, and generally fair to divergent opinions. The main purpose of the author was to write a condensed introduction to his subject and thus "to give the general reader and the university student an account of Spanish literature which may serve to give him his bearings on first acquaintance with the subject."

The opening chapter deals with the character of the literature and tells how it is determined by geography, history, and race. A map ought to have been added, for without it the bare rosters of the chief cities have little meaning; geography to the general reader is usually more a matter of the eye than of the ear, notably in the case of exotic names. Then follow three chapters dealing with the epic, the beginnings of the drama, early poetic monuments and the first prose works. These are excellent. By a slip of the pen (p. 30) Mr. Northup calls the *Gesta Roderici campidocti* (a prose history) a mediæval Latin epic. In the chapter on the Renaissance and Humanism one misses an adequate account of the dominating influence of Erasmus and the achievement of the *Erasmistas*. Then follow discussions of the lyric poetry of the Renaissance, of idealistic fiction, with the romance of chivalry at the head, and of realistic types of fiction which begin with the Celestina and the picaresque novel. The latter is especially well presented. Brief chapters on the mystics and the historians are less successful; the first subject, of profound importance in the history of the Spanish mind, is difficult to treat. Its ramifications throughout the æsthetic achievements of the Spanish people and the extensive analysis which it thus requires may be offered as an excuse for the writer's extreme brevity. The treatment of balladry, of the drama previous to Lope de Vega, of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega and his school, is straightforward and presents difficult material in a satisfactory way. As regards Cervantes, it is not at all likely that his novel, "The Jealous Estremaduran," owes anything to Boiardo.

Mr. Northup has a chapter entitled the Age of Affectation which deals with the political and literary decline of Spain during the seventeenth century. Possibly such a characterization would repel fewer readers if changed to something like the Vein of Affectation, for, obviously not all the literature of the period can be so stigmatized. The chapters on the *costumbristas* (writers of sketches) and the romantic movement are among the best, and the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are covered fairly comprehensively; but owing to lack of space the narrative hardly gives more than a bird's-eye view of the chief authors. On several of these the student would have welcomed a more extensive verdict.

Toward the "generation of 1898," to which belong most of the well-known writers of today, Mr. Northup shows a sympathetic attitude, although it is a little too early to give them an adequate evaluation. It can be said, however, that as a group they have accomplished little in matters of education and government because they have labored with no concerted action, and with the exception of their great master, Francisco Giner, and the admirable exile, Unamuno, have not been characterized by independence and self-sacrifice.

This is not the place to discuss debatable assertions, and one hesitates to introduce any criticism of details in connection with so useful a book. But a desire to increase its value may justify a few additional remarks. Mr. Northup's style is occasionally graceless and lacks verbal resourcefulness, as is manifest from numerous repetitions. Thus in four pages we are told four times that Juan Ruiz is democratic. On page 116 we read "*memento mori* was the motto of the Middle Ages"; on page 120, "the motto of the Middle Ages was *memento mori*" (with the crude translation "remember to die"). The word "masterpiece" occurs scores of times, often without warrant; a date could be effectively added to a few titles and occurrences. There is a bibliographical list at the close of every chapter. A new edition may be in demand presently and the numerous typographical errors and misprints can then be eliminated.

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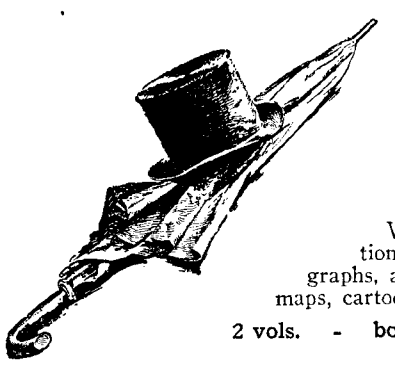

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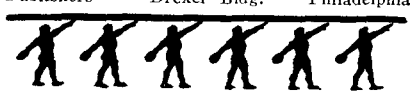

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German Literature of To Day

By OLGA MARX

CONTEMPORARY German literature shows a tendency toward something new which, for lack of a more definite term, may be called post-expressionism. It has all the formlessness and promise of adolescence and certain emerging features that cannot as yet be neatly labeled to the satisfaction of the methodical mind. Perhaps one of its outstanding qualities will prove to be divine chaos from which no small earthly orderliness shall evolve. It betrays a general family resemblance to the Romantic Movement and manifests the ardent striving toward the essence of religion, independent of formal creed, the impenetrable mysticism, and the passionate will to create its own mythology, which were distinctive characteristics of that literary period.

The novelist disdains descriptive technique, and is interested in persons and objects only in so far as they are the tangible manifestations of ideas. The whole external world has its *raison d'être* merely as a husk of the soul. Rapid succession of events is more important than psychological analysis and the intricacies of style are neglected for cinematographic speed of progression. Adele Gerhard's "Pflueger" (1925), a connecting link between expressionism and the future, unfolds a favorite theme, that of a spiritual Utopia, a new brotherhood of man to arise on a virgin island. In "Buerger" (1924) Leonhard Frank decries the wealthy citizen whose absorption in his own welfare looms a stolid barrier to his participation in the significant experiences of the community. Alfred Doeblin has written a grotesque fairy-tale, "Berge, Meere, und Giganten" (1924) in which he depicts the mass-soul of humanity between the twenty-third and twenty-seventh centuries, in a setting superbly imaginative. The craters of Iceland are torn open by magnificent machinery and the released torrents of fire are exploited to thaw frozen Greenland. With fervent enthusiasm he describes the fabulous apparatus of the future, for he believes in the glory of technical achievement and does not see why one should worship a statue of Phidias and regard the subway merely as a mode of transportation. And through the crowding of fantastic events the mystic urge, imperfectly expressed, is poignantly felt.

Thomas Mann's "Zauberberg" (1925) shows the craftsmanship of the epic. In twelve hundred pages he gives a cross-section of ailing civilization, projected into types of humanity that congregate in a sanatorium where they have ample leisure for discussion. Individuals are presented only as the exponents of groups and the bourgeoisie of a passing world expounded with Homeric breadth. "Laudin und die Seinen" (1925) by Jacob Wassermann is concerned with the problem of modern marriage, which also appears as non-fictional controversy in Keyserling's "Das Ehe-Buch" (1925), a symposium to which men of various callings have contributed.

The historical novel is represented by Franz Werfel's "Verdi" (1924). He deals admirably with the delicate problem of striking a happy mean between the world of imagination and that of discoverable reality. Verdi and Wagner typify the conflict between north and south, and around them is built, perhaps too ponderously, the story of the evolution of the opera. In spite of the laborious justice in characterization, it is obvious that Werfel's love is all for Verdi, who, he believes, wrote music for human beings rather than for chaotic intellects. The same juxtaposition of two types of humanity forms the nucleus of his historical drama, "Juarez and Maximilian" (1924), in which Juarez, the spirit of discipline and submission of the individual to an idea, does not appear on the stage, just as the misshapen goat-man in "Bocksgesang" (1921) remains invisible. This is more than a clever technical device, calculated to create suspense, for both Juarez and the goat-man are less actual people than human symbols of ideas which make themselves felt more potently unseen. Incidentally it is no mean feat to have written plays so varied as "Trörinnen," "Spiegelmensch," "Bocksgesang," "Der Schweiger," and "Juarez und Maximilian."

Gerhart Hauptmann's newest play "Veland" which was performed for the first time in September, reverts to legendary antiquity for its subject matter. He has resurrected the tale of Wayland the Smith and treated its vengeance theme dramatically. A complicated modern foundation supports the simple myth and the events are motivated psychologically. So, for instance, the luring to death of the king's sons and the seduction of his daughter are not attributed to magnetic wizardry but to hypnotism and suggestion. A gentle, fluting shepherd, not in the legend, preaches the passive non-resistance of Gerhart Hauptmann, which is altogether alien to the spirit of the Wayland stories. This insistent infusion of modern ideas into a stern old legend would prove both incongruous and unconvincing were it not for the haunting beauty of verse full of the magic that is denied to the theme.

Ernst Toller's "Die Rache des Verwöhnten Liebhabers oder Frauenlist und Männerlist" (1925), a two-act Marionette play charmingly illustrated by Hans Meid, stands in marked contrast to the author's other work and appears trivial compared to "Der Deutsche Hinkemann" (1923), a dream of post-war disillusionment.

But more important than all of these is Ernst Barlach, the woodcarver turned dramatist in the forty-second year of his life. As Hans Christian Andersen cut silhouettes of witches, soldiers, and elves and then wrote fairy-tales about them; as Gottfried Keller painted pictures accompanied by verbal descriptions, which gave the first indication of his writer's gift, so Barlach hewed forceful figures out of wood until he had to yield to their dumb challenge for speech. He illustrated his earlier plays "Der Tote Tag" (1912) and "Der Arme Vetter" (1918) with lithographs which belong to the text as inextricably as the Tristan music to its libretto. His most recent drama, "Die Sündflut," for which he was awarded the Kleistpreis, consists of a series of loosely connected scenes dealing with timeless problems of God, man, and living. The more reflectively he approaches the world, the more unreal and ghostly it becomes. He hears "the blood of deeper life beating behind the ship-planks of everyday" and his plays, like Dostoievski's novels, to which they are kin, have a shimmer of eternity.

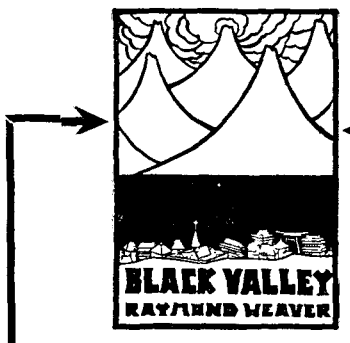
Lyric poetry of high excellence is appearing profusely in magazines and in book-form. A historical anthology like Joseph Schneider's "Die Deutsche Dichtung vom Ausgang des Barocke bis zum Beginn des Klassizismus" (1924) illustrates subtly by the choice of its poems, the present tendency to emphasize the Baroque, the Gothic, the Romantic, as opposed to the Renaissance, Enlightenment, and Classicism. "Saat und Ernte" (1925), edited by Albert Sörgel, is a collection of contemporary verse according to the selection of the authors represented. In this way Sörgel tried to avoid the subjective aspect of most anthologies that tend to reflect the personal predilections of their editors. He does not succeed entirely, however, in producing an objective survey, as Oscar Lörke and Rudolf Leonhard were not invited to contribute, Stefan George and Otto zur Linde refused as a matter of principle, and Rainer Maria Rilke was forced to exclusion by his publisher's contract. The goodly number of remaining poets were not always competent judges of their own work. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, the anthology is an excellent introduction to contemporary poetry and the brief autobiographical sketches which preface the four pages allotted to any one poet, afford personal glimpses both illuminating and amusing.

In the "Duineser Elegien" Rainer Maria Rilke has abandoned his musical pentameters with their exquisite rhyme variations, and writes unrhymed verse more splendid and profound, less ready in appeal. His images flow as always, arresting and lovely, and more than any other living poet he achieves the evocation of wonder.

Less known but full of promise is Ernst Bertram, whose "Nornenbuch" (1925) holds richness and power. His forceful lines, often reminiscent of the form of the Elder Edda, are well in keeping with the mystic prophecies of his Norn, who sees the world with clear, rapt eyes. He describes her:

But when you seek a forehead old and worn
With grieving over sons of sons, the Norn
You shall not find, for ageless is her face,
The virgin's rune is bright between her brows,

Her hair white-gold. Before her urgent eyes
Deep with eternal radiance of the sea,
The lids of kings shall droop.



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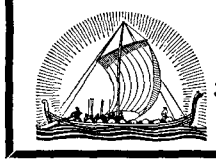

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Foreign Literature

Poe in Italy

EDGAR POE. By P. BARATONO. Rome: A. F. Formíggini. 1924.

ROMANTICI E DECADENTI INGLESI. By MARIO VINCIGUERRA. Foligno: Franco Campitelli. 1926.

Reviewed by MERRITT Y. HUGHES

SIGNOR BARATONO'S little monograph in the series called Profili has completed Poe's deification in Italy. Profili is a popular series like the English Men of Letters. Good men write for it and its printing would make the Ryecrofters envious, but the volumes might be described as a succession of altars to unknown gods. Of these divinities Poe is the seventy-first and, after Lincoln, the first American. To readers who are curious about the growth of the Poe legend in Europe this little book should be priceless, for not only does it relate the genealogy of Poe's spiritual family in France, but it is itself the latest-born offspring of his spirit and its harbinger in awakening Italy. It is a little rhapsody in prose on the theme that Poe was God—or Dionysius, which is the same thing—and that Baudelaire was his prophet, and still is.

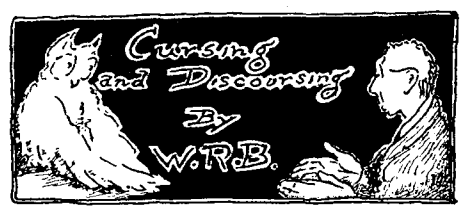
On his altar Signor Baratono formally immolates every Italian literary reputation except that of Dante and Tasso. Poe is the equal of Leopardi in "the inspiration of the tomb and of hopeless love." He ranks with the Greek tragedians and is Lord of Fear. The miaouw of the black cat is "Æschylean." Poe ranks with Socrates, Dante, and Baudelaire as a challenger of "puritan mediocrity that is bound by scruples and fears." He is the reincarnation of Dionysius and was born to drive Apollo finally into the eternal twilight—Apollo, the god of vulgar believers that "virtue consists in the mean." "In art the child of Apollo makes musical and exquisite rhymes with Petrarch, or with Ariosto spins webs of delight, succulent sweets for the superrefined, or with Manzoni builds literary architecture perfect in substance and style. But he knows nothing of the thrills and ardors of Dante or of Tasso, of Foscolo or of Edgar Poe."

Signor Baratono admits dross in the gold. He deplores Poe's "mystifying and paradoxical spirit," and blames his American environment for it. "The Philosophy of Composition" was a concession to his countrymen's Philistinism, not to be thought for a moment revelatory of his own experience in writing. Another blight on his art which he owed to his environment was his formula for making the fabulous convincing, his matter-of-factness in recounting fantastic impossibilities. In this Signor Baratono sees a characteristic in common with Bret Harte and with Mark Twain, for "love of paradox is a fundamental quality in the American people. It is like *il bluff* in the practical world to the young race, desirous of forcing its way." There is an amusing resemblance between these strictures on Poe's narrative technique and Max Nordau's fulminations against the same formula in Defoe and in Stevenson's "Modern Arabian Nights." The trait in English humor against which one Continental prophesied as decadence is proof to another of the crude adolescence of art in America.

Signor Baratono's book deserves to contribute to the gaiety of nations and Signor Vinciguerra's essay on Poe (which more than half fills his "Mistici e Decadenti Inglesi") is proof that it is contributing to the gaiety of many readers, even in Italy. Both monographs may be regarded as reactions against Lauvrière's theory that Poe is understandable only as a dipsomaniac. Baratono accepts the theory and apocalyptically makes drunkenness the touchstone for a nature spiritual enough to protest sincerely against vulgarity. Vinciguerra thinks that Lauvrière himself admitted the irrelevancy of his theory to the problem of Poe's art when he divided his book into the two almost unrelated parts indicated by the title, "Edgar Poe, Sa Vie et Son Œuvre." Poe's character does not interest Sig. Vinciguerra. He is curious only about the poet's art, and that seems to him so far from being the spontaneous overflow of a neurotic genius that its worst and most obvious vice is over-elaboration. He regards Poe as quite as derivative a writer as Longfellow, and quite as typical as Longfellow of the "period of absorption of European culture" in America. Not only are Poe's horror stories a tardy echo of the romances of Bürger and Anne Radcliffe, his poetry is a sensitive but superficial and ignorant talent's vibration to the symphony of Shelley, Tom Moore, and Tennyson. And his criticism was based on an acquaintance wider than is commonly admitted with contemporary critics in France and even in Italy.

The Italian reader who is looking for an elementary introduction to Poe can get it from either essay. Both writers make hierarchical charts of the short stories designed to prove contrary themes. Baratono sees in *il terrore: vera fonte dell'arte più personale di Poe*, and thinks that such tales as "The Pit and the Pendulum" should rank at the top. For Vinciguerra "The Pit" is founded on the "vulgar devices" of an overload of horrors and of an accidental *dénoûement*, and Poe's most original art is found in the sailor's introspection in "A Descent into the Maelstrom." Yet even the sailor, he suspects, may be a travesty of Dupin, the hero of the Polish tales. Unlike Baratono, he admires the device by which Poe achieves verisimilitude in impossible situations and makes the sailor's recollections the text for a discussion of the general trait. The genuineness of his taste for English literature is proved by his enjoyment of this trick of Poe's, though his remark that it is the most original of Poe's art is less shrewd than Baratono's recognition in it of a trait common to several Americans.

Sig. Baratono's treatment of Poe is a little like the German annexation of Shakespeare and is funny so long as it remains an essayist's thesis merely. If an Italian with poetry in him, understanding Poe no better than Sig. Vinciguerra easily persuades us that Poe understood Shelley, were to be introduced by it to Poe and stirred up to write more "Fleurs du Mal," the essay would immediately become a respectable document. It is the sort of thing that might happen. And if it were to happen, Sig. Vinciguerra's case would also be strengthened, for Poe would be connected by another strand to the European tradition. In its way, in spite of his dislike of America and his effort to prove that Poe was a European because all his spiritual children have been Frenchmen, Sig. Baratono's essay confirms Sig. Vinciguerra's conclusion that America is at heart a province of the European cultural tradition and is always likely to remain a part of it, though the shifting honors of leadership can rarely fall to them. Ungracious acknowledgment of that fact is the most useful service that Italian critics can perform for us at present.



AND still more merrily move the days! We nearly missed the train for West Philadelphia because the waiter insisted that we had told him it left at two thirty when we had most distinctly told him it left at two o'clock. Consequently we had to gulp our chicken gumbo soup, which was about all we had time for. But once in the train, while my wife rested and read in a desultory fashion, I discovered a new verse-form and amused myself in the following fashion. The poem is entitled "En Route," but it was never finished. Alas! Of course it is not to be taken quite literally.

A young man who had been to a cocktail
party ending in liqueurs
Was now sitting in a Pullman car that was
bound for Philadelphia.
He envied his wife the composure of features so classically hers.
So regal she looked he felt like saying,
"Hello, you little Guelph, ye!"
But then he abandoned that idea and looked
out to watch it snowing
And wondered what time if any they would
get into Altoona,
While a playful child climbed the back of
his chair (though it didn't know where
it was going)
And walloped him repeatedly over the head
with a large red balloona.
The genial old fellow took the child, and
set it upon his lap.
It was a warm day and many families were
enjoying their box lunches.
"If you say another word," said the
stranger, "kid, I'll push in your map!"
And he ground his three surviving teeth
with perfectly horrible crunches.
Meanwhile a paper-boy (a boy selling
papers) came singing down the aisle.
(This was the little song he sang, with a
devastating smile)
"All de laydes' books, papeies,
magazines!
Buy a boxa jelly beans!
Buy a coupla fire-screens!
Buy The Designer,—
What could be finer!
And you know (with a leer)
what that *means!"*
At this a lady took umbrage who was sitting across the hall,
And it might have gone ill with umbrage as umbrage was rather frail;
But a man who exquisitely imitated birds gave a piercingly sweet bird-call
Which was answered by a deep-throated cheer from another young fellow from Yale.
And then the conductor came punching tickets and anything else he could punch,
And the porter struck up one of those dear old hymns we all haven't heard for so long,
And the family with adenoids completed their box-lunch,
And the young man brushed the child from his knees, and turned to a man named Wong
Who hasn't previously entered this poem, but whom I'd like to introduce.
He was the uncle of the young lady we saw when we boarded the train;
Of Chinese extraction, as you may have guessed. He was particular as the deuce;
But he certainly had the reputation for having a wonderful brain. . . .

Thus, as I say, I amused myself. It just goes to prove how easily I am amused. But then, of course, we arrived.

We had a perfectly wonderful time that week-end. I looked at and into many beautiful books in the most charming home of a remarkable writer. There was much converse concerning writing, moving pictures, the Charleston (an exhibition of which was given by a young moving-picture star, whose wit and elegance added greatly to the occasion) and various light wines. There were open wood fires and on Saturday night a gorgeous supper and dance at which our hostess and all the other ladies were ineffably charming. On Sunday we motored afar for tea to another pleasant house, whose delightful hostess should have had her portrait painted by Titian. Great artists lose a lot by having died so long

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ago. I often think of that when I look at my wife. And, at the dance I have referred to, a veritable sprite from the deep tangle of wildwood so dazzled my eyes all evening that I still sigh heavily whenever I think of her.

Well, homeward again on Monday with the young lady who stars in the picture—though she refers to herself merely as a "featured player." We were not long in deciding that she is one of the most charming companions in the habitable globe. Thence to the office, for me,—my mind, quite naturally, in a whirl. A stab at the mail. Thence again to the apartment of one of the most hospitable of friends, where we met a truly glorious Englishman with his lovely American wife. Thence to a modest supper by ourselves, my poor wife suffering from a terrible cold. And so home early, with our stock of laudatory adjectives completely exhausted.

And on Tuesday night, of course, a most pleasurable dinner and theatre party, one of America's foremost sculptors being present, with *his* beautiful wife and greatly talented pupil. We witnessed The Theatre Guild's new "Goat Song." This play of Werfel's is a charge of dynamite. It is one of the most astounding experiences the theatre has afforded me this year.

I did not, as I had expected, find its tenor bewildering, though there is symbolism and allegory in its texture. The last act I found unsatisfying. But the peak of the play, where the horrible imminence of the goat-god is shadowed forth, left me breathless. I can remember few theatrical effects as impressive. I do not, however, refer to the goat-song itself. As one of the party said, the Voice of God in the representation of "Job," given in New York some years ago, was far more electrifying. The off-stage performer in that instance was, I understand (strangely enough), a Sioux Indian. They need a Sioux Indian for "Goat Song."

I have not yet recovered from the terrific impact of this play. It is the only representation of anything approaching a witch's-sabbath that I have ever seen on the stage. The acting seemed to me uniformly excellent. And, for a play in five acts, the tempo was remarkably sustained.

* * *

Today I have discovered Sidney Howard's preface to his just-published play, "Lucky Sam McCarver." I urge everybody interested in modern drama to read, con, and inwardly digest this clear, cool bit of reasoning about the theatre. Members of any audience will find that Mr. Howard not only understands but appreciates audiences, New York audiences especially. And he says in good round terms, "For me, the actor is the only theatrical element who matters a tinker's damn."

What else he says about the actor, the scene-designer, the costumer, the director, the dramatist, and so on, I leave to you to discover for yourselves. For you should buy "Lucky Sam McCarver," even though you may have seen it in its brief, but, to my mind, superlative existence upon the stage. Mr. Howard still likes his play, likes it very well indeed; and he should. I am still talking about that first act. I enjoyed the whole play. Mr. Howard explains to you in his preface why he wrote it as he wrote it. And he is right. "Lucky Sam McCarver" is not perfect, but I believe that it will endure as a great American play. The day will come for its revival,—though no other actor in the title rôle is ever likely to surpass John Cromwell.

And now, by the time you read this, the writer of it will have attended a lunch in honor of that fine old nautical writer, Captain David W. Bone, and also, on the evening of the same day, the Beaux Arts Ball. As I look forward to these occasions, on what is now Wednesday (they are to occur on Friday), I experience considerable trepidation. Partly because the party given to Captain Bone will also be in celebration of my fortieth birthday. I feel positive that the thought of my fortieth birthday on that occasion will necessitate my fortifying my shattered nerves. And this fortifying may possibly extend itself into the evening. I wish that someone would send me a word of comfort in advance. But of course you can't do that.

Well, well, well. Forty years! what is it Thackeray had to say about that?

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain does clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

So there I shall sit, "dipping my nose in the Gascon wine." My beard is very gray,—and ah, my grizzled hairs! And here's the printer's boy come to say they want my copy downstairs! W. R. B.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE DANCE OF SIVA. By Dr. ANANDA COOMARAWAMY. New York: The Sunwise Turn, Inc. 1924.

This is a reprint of the fourteen Indian essays first printed in 1918. It is a book that reveals new values on rereading. It treats fundamental phases of the creative will. Dr. Coomaraswamy is the author of "Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism," "Mediæval Singalese Art," "Rajput Painting," etc. He is now keeper of Indian Art in the Boston Museum. This new edition bears an introduction by Romain Rolland on our Western need for a taste of the rhythmic philosophy of Brahma, the "vast and tranquil metaphysic of India." All readers interested will certainly find a fascinating exposition here.

THE DEFENSE OF THE CHILD BY FRENCH NOVELISTS. By CLIFFORD STETSON PARKER. Published by the author. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Co. 1925. $2.

This is a thoughtful and careful study of the various types of children depicted in nineteenth century French Literature, with interesting notes and comparisons by the author. The place of the child in the social order and under peculiar conditions is brought out in a way that should interest teachers and social workers particularly. The book makes no pretense at being a popular volume, but is a sincere and scholarly study of the subject presented.

Biography

I MEET MY CONTEMPORARIES. By MAXIMILIAN HARDEN. Translated from the German by WILLIAM C. LAWTON. Holt. 1925. $4.

Maximilian Harden is a man who in the course of his career as political writer, founder, and editor of the one-time powerful German weekly, *Die Zukunft* (The Future), fought the ex-Kaiser, William II, enjoyed the friendship of the great Bismarck, prophesied the war in the Spring of 1914, attacked the ruthless submarine campaign, and endorsed the peace policy of President Wilson. The Kaiser, when he abdicated, said: "Now, you must send Harden to Versailles." Harden was not orthodox on the subject of Germany's war guilt; he did not go to Versailles; later he came very near death at the hands of a group of Nationalist assassins similar to that which put an end to Rathenau. His book consists of nine essays and a short biography of the author. Back of the studies of individual characters is evident throughout the work a fine knowledge of European politics and history, a natural sympathy with idealism, and a consistent faith in democracy.

Harden had always believed in the idealism for which the late President Wilson stood. His final judgment of the President, at the end of a brilliant essay which includes a remarkable summary of the pros and cons of the Allied and German causes previous to the entrance of the United States into the war, is nothing, if not favorable: "He (Wilson) felt and thought,—not only spoke,—as no other government head had done before." . . .

The book is a series of brilliant pictures of the conference at Versailles itself, of Clemenceau, of Lloyd George, of the King of Serbia, of Stinnes, Hindenburg, Lenin, and others.

"I Meet My Contemporaries" is a book that one closes with regret. Yet it is hard enough to read at moments. The fault, however, lies not with the author whose story is always worth reading and whose opinions are invariably fresh, but with the translator who manages only too frequently to transliterate rather than translate the German text into English.

Drama

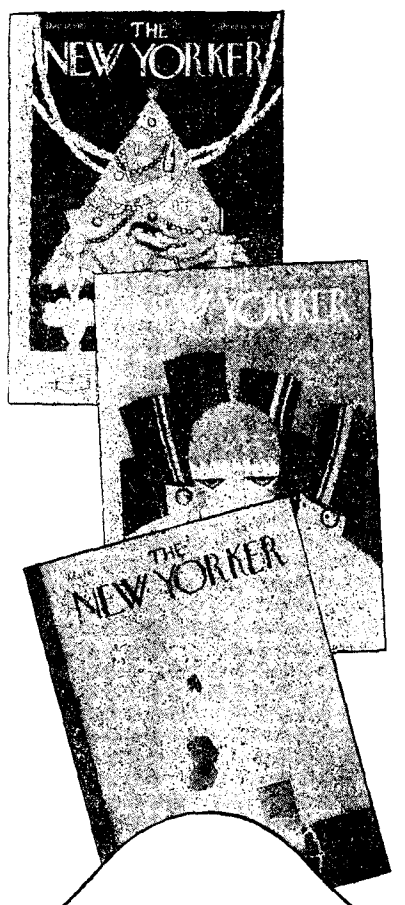
WHITE CARGO. By LEON GORDON. Four Seas Co. 1925. $2.

Hailed by dramatic critics as a powerful, Kiplingesque study of civilization rotting into the primitive under years of tropic heat and the monotony of an African rubber plantation; condemned by the more Puritanically minded as a far too frank portrayal of uncontrolled sex-instincts; and patronized by the theatre going public to the extent of more than a thousand performances in New York, Chicago, and London, the play "White Cargo" is now available in book form.

Briefly and for the benefit of those who did not see it at one of the above mentioned performances, the play is a tragic-melodrama, and an intensely emotional study of white men submitted to the strain of monotony and tropic heat. It shows the white man's fight against insanity and a complete surrender to the more primitive emotions of the body. In the play we see six Englishmen of varying types and professions marooned on a remote plantation, struggling not to lose their grip on the ideals of white civilization. Of these, Witzel is the most human and appealing character, a man who has been there long enough to know all the temptations of the place.

Minus its theatrical trappings the play loses much in atmosphere. But the characterizations remain vivid and there is an unusual quality of vigor to the dialogue. The contrast of the different types of men submitted to the ordeal of unnatural conditions in the tropics is particularly well done. We know them all before we reach the last page, from the tipsy "Leper-spotter" who was once a doctor of promise, to the discouraged, but tolerant missionary. Although the play ends not only on a note of tragedy, but of ironic futility, the character of Witzel proves that a man may keep "white," provided he possesses enough courage and human understanding.

As a play "White Cargo" challenges com-



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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

parison with its forerunner "Rain," and while our way of thinking it falls far short of this artistically, it is nonetheless good "theatre" and makes more readable material than the average Broadway success.

Fiction

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLCONDA. By WILLIAM N. VAILE. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

The unusual ingenuity of the plot of this story, even apart from its numerous other merits, should be a solid enough allurement to win the enthusiastic approval of mystery yarn readers. Its sequence of baffling initial developments proceeds from the murder of a deluded old man, Gaspard Dubonnet, the half-owner of an abandoned gold mine, "The Golconda," which he guards in jealous solitude. He is haunted by the ghost of Jack Frisbee, whom twenty years ago he has killed in gun-play. Although absent from the region since that time, Jack's son George, now a successful young lawyer, reappears in the vicinity of the mine on the night of Dubonnet's violent death. Circumstances at first point to George as the murderer, but he is quickly cleared, and the real hunt for the unidentified malefactor begins.

THE LONE HAND. By JOSEPH B. AMES. Century. 1926. $2.

In this rousing tale of the wild and woolly West, replete with incessant action amid the great open spaces where men are not easily distinguishable from the other animals, young Brand Larrigan plays the lone hand and fills the stellar rôle. He is a dude ranchman who dresses in the mode of star rodeo performers, but is almost humanly clever and a deadly caution with his guns. When a band of local outlaws takes to attiring one of their members in an outfit stolen from Brand's widely known wardrobe, in order to fix the guilt of their depredations upon the honest youth, our hero naturally grows wroth. His prolonged, sanguinary combat with these predatory rogues is related at considerable length, though never tediously, and with the outlay of sufficient inventiveness to save the story from being merely a common "Western."

THE LION'S SKIN. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Mr. Sabatini tells us quite frankly in his foreword to this apparently new novel of his that it is in reality one of a group of novels which he regards as "the sins of my literary nonage." He also writes an *apologia*, a rational one, for the republication of such work. He regards the historical part of this book and his novels of the same period as "extremely superficial."

"At the time of writing them, I had yet to make the discovery that, to produce an historical romance of any value, it is necessary first to engage in researches so exhaustive as to qualify one to write a history of the epoch in which the romance is set."

With Mr. Sabatini so handsomely candid, it is not more than fair to remark that even in his lesser romancing he can spin a stirring yarn. There is a dash and gusto even to this work of his nonage. The more uncritical readers, and many of these are enlisted under Sabatini's standard, together with those who admire him for his genuine narrative gift, will probably perceive little at which to cavil so long as the romance swings along (as this one does) with verve and color. Sabatini avers that he is by no means so fecund as idle reviewers have thought him. If, nowadays, he produces two novels in three years he is lucky,—but the republication in America of so much of his earlier work has caused him to be credited with a false facility.

A WARNING TO THE CURIOUS, AND OTHER GHOST STORIES. By M. R. JAMES. Longmans, Green. 1925.

Montague Rhodes James, besides being Provost of Eton, has attained considerable fame as the author of several volumes of particularly horrifying, and therefore admirable, ghost stories. There is a very special cult writing and reading this type of work just now, stronger in England than here. The names of Algernon Blackwood and Arthur Machen, for instance, who have both contributed largely to the insomnia-giving school of literature, cannot easily be matched in America, and it is sufficient recommendation to say that Mr. James stands with them. If he does not always produce an effect so completely frightening as Blackwood, nor so hauntingly mysterious as Machen, he excels both in his directness and grip on reality.

The six stories in his new book are perhaps a trifle more monotonous than his former collections. There is always a narrator, who discusses the mystery with the person most actively affected by it, and nearly always some secondary character—a talkative farmer, or a superstitious Cockney—appears as comic relief. The most puzzling of the stories is "A View from a Hill," and the most broadly effective is the title piece. The first story, "The Haunted Doll's House," which is practically a new version of an old theme used by Mr. James in "The Mezzotint," and by many others before him, is the poorest of the lot.

But there is no particular purpose in analyzing or comparing these tales. They make no great literary pretensions, and, after all, anyone who reads them is unlikely to be searching for perfection of style or narrative development. What he will require, and find, is the authentic thrill. In this book there are prayer-books that will not stay shut, figures that emerge suddenly from closets to bite gentlemen in the neck, in fact every type of plain and fancy ghost, with an without accessories, that can be imagined. In other words, if you have the natural *flair* for ghosts you will be satisfied, and if not you will not care.

THE FARTHING SPINSTER. By CATHERINE DODD. Doran. 1926. $2.50

The sponsors of this story declare it to be "a gay novel of triumphant spinsterhood," but, although spinsterhood is here in generous quantities, we have failed to find a trace of the "gay" and "triumphant" elements. A markedly well written story, it yet seems to us a bore, marred by redundancies, avoidable repetitions, an excess of ancestral anecdotes, and the enlistment of such mediums of narration as letters and diaries to partially portray the lifetimes of five Farthing generations. It begins in the late eighteenth century, when Jellis Farthing, gently bred, comely English schoolmistress, discovers that all her forebears, since the time of Henry VII, who have been named Jellis, have suffered spinsterhood through the visitations of a relentless curse. The potency of this malignant blight is thereafter exhibited in the single-blessedness which falls to the lot of succeeding Miss Farthings, the last of whom, in combatively attempting to discredit the curse, is rendered a chair-ridden cripple for life by a motor accident in which her fiancé is killed. The general tedium is eased by a great deal of extremely able and vivid description, portraying with charm, quaintness, and delicate accuracy English life of the early nineteenth century.

Poetry

EPISODES AND EPISTLES. Poems by W. L. Seltzer. 1925. $1.75.

THIS WAKING HOUR. By L. S. HEROLD. Seltzer. The same.

Those volumes of verse which are neither good enough to soar with nor bad enough to ignore are the bane of the reader. They are perhaps the most frequent of poetic offerings: the authors possess a lyrical swing or an effective imagery or a light wit or a trenchant satirical power; they are usually deft, often graceful, occasionally philosophical, rarely dull. And always disappointing. For however cheerfully one may consider that this is but a first volume, one feels that these writers will hardly attain more than a mild mediocrity.

W. L. and Mr. Herold both have bright moments, both are continually promising; both do not fulfil. W. L. moves from a haunting, regular repetition of violins to the broken lines and figures of a chastened E. E. Cummings. His imagery sometimes bends toward the sentimental, but swiftly turn to the sciences for its figures. His volume, while harmless, even pleasant to read, brings no cry for more.

Mr. Herold, hailed in prefatory note by Zona Gale, wrings emotion out of Armenian memories and immigrant travail and triumphant Americanization. Yet this burden of a spirit he must convey too often drowns the poet's whimsical fancy, that reveals itself in playful flashes, when "a wisp of wind came in the alley," or when "My Nephew Spring" comes down the mountains "until my eyes are blossom-blind."

Travel

SPANISH TOWNS AND PEOPLE. By ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE. McBride. 1925. $5 net.

Until fairly recently Spain has been one of the countries least travelled by Americans. The tide is now turning, however, in its direction, and if many such books as Mr. McBride's are published may confidently be expected to set more strongly toward it. For his volume makes the country most alluring, a land of vivid contrasts and quaint corners, whose cities retain enough of historic picturesqueness and countryside enough simplicity to set it apart from the more conventionally progressive parts of Europe. Mr. McBride is informative while still remaining informal; he has an easy style which does not preclude the presenting of considerable detail, and he has discrimination in the selection of that detail. What he records is what the average traveller is apt to be most interested in, and what his appreciation of will be heightened by having called to his attention in this fashion. To the traveller who knows his Spain his book will bring up pleasant memories.

PICTURESQUE PALESTINE, ARABIA, AND SYRIA. By KARL GROLER. Brentano's. 1926.

No more handsome memento of a trip to the Holy Land could be desired than this collection of photographs of the shrines, landscape, people, and towns of Palestine, Arabia, and Syria. Mr. Groner's book consists of a collection of 304 plates preceded by brief historical sketches of the countries depicted, and is in effect a panoramic portrayal of the lands of the Bible. To those who have visited them it such prove a touchstone to memory, and to those who have not a fillip to desire.

Brief Mention

AGAIN we have a miscellaneous collection of books on our shelf. We may as well begin with youth before age! "The Journal of the Baby" (Penn Publishing Company: $5) is illustrated in charming French fashion and has blank space enough to record the doings of even the most remarkable of all infants. It is a book to be kept by the fond parent. Then here's "A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading," by *Mary Graham Bonner* (Funk & Wagnalls: $1.75). The children's books treated therein are described in classifications, with selective bibliographies. And, as most newlyweds start with a small house, you will find a good deal about them in *Edwin Bonta's* "The Small House Primer" (Little, Brown: $2.50), a guide for prospective owners of new houses, discussing in simple terms what is right and what is wrong in small house designing. It is useful, interesting and ingeniously illustrated.

A book on ambitious interior decoration is *Élisa Maillard's* "Old French Furniture and Its Surroundings," an elaborately illustrated volume, with "backgrounds" as well as the furniture itself, of the period 1610 to 1815. The book is beautifully made by Scribner's and costs $7.50. Brentano's brings out a new edition of *Charles H. Ashdown's* "Armour and Weapons in the Middle Ages" ($3), a useful handbook excellently illustrated and not too technical for the general reader. And, to turn to biography, the indefatigable *Edwin Wildman*, former editor of *The Forum*, contributes in the Famous Leaders' Series of L. C. Page, "The Builders of America" ($2), a group of brief biographies written for youthful readers.

As a concrete example in the history of the development of the new South, here is "The Story of Durham," by *William Kenneth Boyce* (Duke University Press), a publication of this new Press, redolent with anecdotes of tobacco! And, speaking of the South, of course Florida proceeds before us with a blare of trumpets in "Florida in the Making," by *Frank Parker Stockbridge* and *John Holliday Perry* (De Bower Publishing Company). This volume is the result of months of travel, study, and research. A New York financier has called it "the clearest, most complete and comprehensive story of the Florida situation I have ever read." Governor John W. Martin of Florida has endorsed it. It is full of facts and profuse illustration. The end-papers consist of a handy county map and road map. The de Bower Publishing Company is listed as of Jacksonville, Florida, and Kingsport, Tennessee. Nellie Revell, "the most heroic woman in America," has also endorsed this book.

Which leads us easily to note that *Nellie Revell* has just written "The Funny Side Out" (Doran: $1.50), a collection of "After, Before and During Dinner Stories, with Apologies to Whoever first told them." Nellie Revell advocates "the snicker side" of life. But, should you desire humor less second-hand, try "Espeshilly Lem" by *Crispin Childe* (McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.: $1.25). This ingenuous tale was written and illustrated at the age of eleven by a business man now well known in lower New York,—quite grown up by this time and with children of his own. You won't find it another "Young Visiters," but it is an amusing excursion. And for other forms of amusement, here is "Getting Together" by *Edna Geister* and *Mary Wood Hinman* (Doran: $2) which will furnish you fun for parties of any size. All sorts of stunts and parlor games are described.

Another compendium of humourous anecdote is written by a Scot, *Lord Aberdeen*, and published by Longmans, Green, in this country, at two fifty. It is called "Tell Me Another" and is full of all sorts of stories, featuring wit and humour. If we possessed an Attic salt-shaker we would sift some of them for you,—but we must hasten on. Let's go out-of-doors. If it is true that the hunt is coming into constantly greater popularity in America there ought to be many who will enjoy *H. S. Page's* "Over the Open" (Scribner) which contains many interesting anecdotes of the hunting-field and is written by an American huntsman who

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has worn the pink on both sides of the water. We recommend this book for the libraries of all hunt-clubs.

Or perhaps you find your chief pleasure in life is gustatory? In that case, consider *Alfred W. McCann's* "The Science of Keeping Young" (Doran: $3). McCann, as you know, is an authority on pure food and on diet in general. He holds that "diet 'artificially disordered' by ignorance" of the principles set forth in his book "is responsible for many of the ills to which human flesh is heir." And he is a demon for facts. You really can't afford to neglect his sane and sound advice!

Or do you prefer the movies, to eating and drinking,—or the practice of writing,—or scholarship? Here are some assorted books that will cater to each of these tastes. *Willard King Bradley*, in "Inside Secrets of Photoplay Writing" (Funk & Wagnalls: $2) furnishes you with a practical guide toward constructing a scenario. *L. A. Sherman*, Ph. D., presents an important textbook in English composition in "How to Describe and Narrate Visually" (Doran: $2). *C. Elissa Sharpley* has compiled (in the Wisdom of the East series) an excellent anthology of "Ancient Egyptian Poems" (Dutton: $1.50), and from the Oxford University Press, American Branch, come Volume XI of the Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association, collected by *Oliver Elton* ($2.50), a new volume fascinating to the scholar, and Tract Number XXII of the Society for Pure English, containing "The Nature of Human Speech," by *Sir Richard Paget*, Bart., together with two other papers by *H. W. Fowler* and *Robert Bridges*.

However, let us close with three personal narratives, all quite different. *Olivia E. Phelps Stokes*, in a labor of love, has produced "Letters and Memories of Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner." This book chronicles two quiet lives and contains, it is necessary to add, little of peculiar interest save the statement that *Susan Warner's* "Wide, Wide World" went the round of publishers before it was finally accepted, somewhat doubtfully even then, by George H. Putnam. Despite her wide sales Miss Warner never realized more than moderate returns from her work. This memory-volume is published by Putnam ($2.50). *Frank R. Kent*, special correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* and author of "The Great Game of Politics," has written the story of Alexander Brown & Sons, privately printed for this well-known Baltimore banking house and presented by the author to them on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of the founding of their firm. The book is excellently made in every respect and the text compiled from old letter books and ledgers dating back to 1800. And, to conclude, a more human, and certainly a most delightful document, is that which purports to be "leaves from an old, old diary," written by one "Kathie" and edited by *Margaret W. Eggleston* (Doran: $2). It is called "Kathie's Diary," and is the story of a girl's life from 1876 to 1886. A pig-tailed little girl in crinoline kept this journal, and in its glimpses of a past epoch, in its delicious, unconscious humor, in its charming old-fashionedness, it will strongly appeal to the older generation. Also, when Kathie bursts into poetry, as she does almost immediately, on page 17, there is a great treat in store for the reader! To all ladies of an elder day we recommend this book heartily. Kathie is not a Marjorie Fleming, but she is entertaining and illuminating in her own way. We cannot doubt this diary's authenticity.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

NO MORE PARADES. By *Ford Madox Ford*. (A. & C. Boni.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PIONEER YEARS. By *Carl Sandburg*. (Harcourt, Brace.)

DIPLOMATIC EPISODES. By *William Carey Morey*. (Longmans, Green.)

HERE come the brothers, riding to the rescue of fraternal reputation. The ink was not dry on the column before H. P. D. was moaning from Johns Hopkins: "You haven't forgotten, so soon, the brothers in 'Beau Geste'?" F. L. P. (no address) reminds me of "the brothers Quintero (Spanish playwrights) who have written together for many years in perfect accord: the Fratellini Frères, my happiest memory of Paris, and our own Marxes." The original inquirer has meantime dug up the self-sacrifice of one brother for another in S. R. Crockett's one-time best-seller, "The Stickit Minister," and in Gerald Gould's "The English Novel of To-Day" I came upon the statement that "Narcissus," by Viola Meynell, deals with two brothers, Victor and Jimmy, and that "the relationship between them is one of the best things about them." I have not read this novel, nor indeed so much of Viola Meynell as I wish I had, and quote this sentence because it gives me a chance to recommend strongly, especially to reading-clubs, Mr. Gould's thoughtful review of contemporary British fiction.

M. S. Z., Youngstown, Ohio, calls back "the beautiful Frank and Amyas Leigh, who mutually renounced the Rose of Bideford in 'Westward Ho!' Another devoted brother is Gurth in Lytton's 'Harold,' though perhaps he is balanced by the hostile Tostig. . . . I don't place John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford, in 'Henry V,' but historically wasn't he devoted to the king?" M. S. Z. then overwhelms me with chagrin by naming three of my old friends whom I surely should have invited to this party: Adam and Seth in "Adam Bede," the Cheeryble Brothers—and they were from real life, too—in "Nicholas Nickleby," and George and Harry Warrington in Thackeray's "The Virginians": all things considered, the last-named seem to me the most satisfactory combination that I have found in fiction. They may not be so picturesque, but their affection holds on and keeps up. It even survives sisters-in-law. M. S. Z. goes on:—

"I can produce only two instances in recent books. Ethel Singwick's 'Promise' is mostly a study of Antoine, the boy musician, but his brother Philip is very attractive, too, and their relations are thoroughly satisfying. My last example is Irish in more ways than one. An Irish patriot poisons his young brother to prevent his torture by the English, in a one-act play, 'The Hundredth Trick,' by Beulah M. Dix."

Earle Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club of this city, and author of several piquant and unusual bibliographies (Oh yes, bibliographies can be piquant: read his "Half-Told Tales" or "Romans à Clef") rallies to my support with glad cries:

"You mention the Siamese Twins, but not Mark Twain's use of them, or a pair like them, in 'Those Extraordinary Twins.' Do you remember Angelo's restless behavior during the duel which his brother was fighting with Judge Driscoll? Luigi had accepted the challenge which his brother had declined. That piece of true nobility should please E. K. J.

"That sort of thing has a peculiar appeal to British novelists. I read Hamish Macleod's 'Across the Moon' (Boni & Liveright, 1925) hastily, but I remember that Dickie was devoted to his younger brother Stuart, so much so that at the end of the novel he believed him alive again and talked with him, although he had lost his reason and Stuart his life in the war. Then there is that gorgeously melodramatic chapter in Percival Wren's 'Beau Geste' (Stokes, 1925), when Beau is given a Viking's funeral by his brother John:

> Within two minutes of his seizing Lejaune's feet and saving my life, my brother was dead. . . . My splendid, noble, great-hearted Beau. . . . I have not the gift of tears, I have not cried since I was a baby, and the relief of tears was denied me now.

"And then the other brother, Digby, exposed himself to hostile Arabs to save John:

> We buried Digby there, although we expected the return of the Arabs at any moment. "He shore gave his life for ours," said Hank, chewing his lips. "*Greater love hath no man*," I was able to reply. Buddy said nothing, but Buddy wept. He then untied the completely-recovered Arab, a huge, powerful young fellow, twice his size, and without weapons on either side, fought him and beat him insensible.

"There is another set of three brothers, not particularly devoted ones, in Bertrand W. Sinclair's 'Inverted Pyramid' (Little, Brown, 1923). And Homer Greene's ineffable 'Blind Brother'! And that charming pair in Thomas Beer's 'Sandoval,' Christian Gaar and his young brother Thorwald (Blacky)! I wish it were possible to work in the four Marx Brothers somewhere."

It is, Mr. Walbridge. It has been done by most of the contributors to this symposium.

Bring on your brothers, ladies and gentlemen: they will all be welcomed by E. K. J., who writes:

"There isn't a play or a hint to which you have referred that I shall not follow up in the hope that when I do get this very story I am looking for, this résumé of unbrotherly conduct will but enhance the beauty of true brotherliness. I think you touched the point in your quotation from 'The Servant in the House.'"

Z. D. S., who says that "amazement, amusement, and profit come to me weekly from your column," asks "to one who knows little of American poetry of the last twenty-five years, and who cares to read only the best of it, what collection of moderate price will you recommend?"

ALL things considered, I think "Modern American Poetry: a Critical Anthology," edited by Louis Untermeyer, in the third revised edition (Harcourt, Brace, 1925), would be the best purchase. Admirers of certain poets may not be satisfied with his selections from their favorites, but whatever these are they taste like more, and that is the most desirable quality for an anthology like this. For a volume of comment and criticism, Clement Wood's "Poets of America" (Dutton, 1925) is not only the latest but one of the most spirited; he leaves the beaten path not only in style of description but in the choice of poets whose work is described.

I have been lately carrying about one or the other of two recent collections which can take a reader out of bad weather and into a heavenly climate far more rapidly and completely than going to Florida. One is "American Mystical Verse," a collection made by Irene Hunter, a young poet and mystic, prefaced by Zona Gale (Appleton); it is a starting-point for long dreams, a comfort and a stimulus. The other collection is Robert Haven Schauffler's "The Poetry Cure" (Dodd, Mead), arranged in sections for what ails you, warranted to raise your spirits when depressed or bring them to a working point when unduly flapping to the breeze of Spring: good in sickness and in health, to put wings on the heels or sand in the spine.

A. D., British Columbia, has a paper to write on the opera, which may be considered from any point of view that she may select, for a reading club just started.

IF you want an unusual point of view, in which it is practically certain that all members of the club will be interested, review for them "Behind the Scenes at the Opera," by Mary F. Watkins (Stokes). This is as nearly as a book can manage to take you past the stage-door into the mysterious and ever-entrancing region from which Elsa and Carmen and Mephisto emerge. Also the book is full of those personal anecdotes of present-day singers in which the unmusical delight. Miss Watkins's "First Aid to the Opera Goer" (Stokes) last year gave unusually well-told opera stories.

A. M. P., New York, asks for books on the background of the Canterbury Tales.

HOW pleasant to get a question that gives me a good excuse to stop work and re-read "Chaucer and His England," by G. G. Coulton of Cambridge University, published by Methuen and imported last year by Dutton. It brings up, back of the figure of the poet, the life of his time, the court that set its fashions, the city of London, and its laws.

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At least it will be pleasant conversation!

YOU will be interested to know that the changes announced in last week's issue have been made without difficulty and we are already experiencing the benefits of having the printing and mailing departments back in New York. Don't be surprised by the lack of misprints or feel your pulse when a request to change the address or your subscription is attended to promptly.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street
New York

Points of View

Neglected Books

"PERSIAN MINIATURES"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

For several years I have gone about patiently asking people if they had read "Persian Miniatures," by H. G. Dwight (Doubleday, Page), and the answer is an eternal negative. Why this should be, I cannot understand, for they are people of discrimination and appreciate the turn of a phrase. But I continue to read and reread alone the delightful account of an American enjoying a Persian winter. It is not fiction, but a series of sketches of actual experience in Hamadan. One takes away from it the remembrance of a wise and quietly witty observer who knows how to put a word in the right place, who has heard, and seen, and read many things in the West and the East, and who still gracefully permits some of the glamour to remain on the far places while at the same time he refrains from sprinkling them with attar of roses after the manner of the unfortunate Belgian lady of whom he writes. Perhaps the last sentence of the chapter called "Caucasian Prologue," which describes the sandy-pathed bare park of Baku where an excellent band played, late in the afternoon, Verdi and Glinka and Wagner, does not say much to you? "And at last, there on the edge of nowhere, the electric lights come out with a pop, and far away, over the dark Caspian, a slow moon climbs out of Samarkand." I owe Mr. Dwight something for that sentence.

Then there are the amusing chapters on "Persian Apparatus" and "Wild Boar." (Has Mr. Dwight yet written, in that valley of stone houses and vineyards and poplars, the story of his Beau Brummel?). And the beginning of "Vignette of a Time Gone By," telling of a young Swedish officer, has a piquancy. "He was born in Italy; I never asked him why. He was brought up in France; I never asked him why either, having skeletons in my own closet." There are no dull chapters, and the last sketch, a brief one entitled "The Caravan," is an exquisite bit of writing.

If you have in your imagination an eye for the color of daily life in distant places and for the graces and gaieties of words—if the names of Asia are not yet dust in your mouth—if you take your travel stories with salt and without statistics—you should know "Persian Miniatures."

LORETTA ROCHE.

Lyme, Conn.

"THE SEA CHILDREN"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The opportunity you offer to those who would espouse the cause of neglected books is a most welcome one to me, for I have long counted among my more intimate friends a dog-eared book that belongs on the low shelf in the nursery beside "Robin Hood" and "Peter Pan"—and even leans up against them with the assured camaraderie of a peer. And this, despite its disreputable rags, worn out, and rebound, and worn out again by small sized fingers and thumbs.

"The Sea Children," by Walter Russell, finely illustrated by himself, was published by R. H. Russell, New York, in 1901, and apparently never reprinted. Yet it is one of those rare books that takes the imagination of children, by supplying them with a complete new world of adventure. Russell is an artist and naturalist, absorbed with the deep sea, and the story that he weaves against the backgrounds of its forests, dark jungles, and mountains, is infused with the strange beauty and wonder of that limpid world. Once in a hundred years, the myth went, a child was born to a certain royal family, bearing on its neck the mark of the sea to which it belonged and from which no love could wean it. So Prince Elworth, diving at last from the cliff, finds the ocean his element, and is welcomed by a small group of children like himself. The book is the story of their perilous return journey, with him, to Atlantis. They explore decaying, haunted hulks of treasure ships, leap down to the great depths full of darting, phosphorescent life, battle magnificently when, crowded against the cliff, with radiating spears like a sea urchin, they fight their desperate way through the Black Gorge, against the united forces of the giant squids and sharks, and win through to the city of Princess Pathenia and the fading jewel at last.

The children themselves are lovely creatures, gentle, and gay spirited, not pallid with anæmic virtues, but delightfully alive behind their strict code of affectionate chivalry, so that whoever adventures with them will come on much to beguile his heart.

The judgment of casual oblivion is not always just. Therefore, in the name of all more recent children than myself, I appeal its decision to a higher court, in the hope that justice may yet, somehow, be done.

MARY WILLCOX.

"TAMING THE JUNGLE"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your recent announcement of plans for giving neglected books their day in court prompted me to take down the copy of Dr. C. W. Doyle's "The Taming of the Jungle," which I picked up a dozen years ago in a second-hand bookshop on Vesey Street. The only other copy of the book I have ever seen is in a suburban public library. Though the author spent the last dozen years of his life in this country, and wrote and published his book here (it was brought out by Lippincott in 1899), his name is not to be found even in Jessup's and Pattee's voluminous studies of the American short story. From a clipping pasted in my copy by its former owner I learn that Dr. Doyle was an Anglo-Indian by birth; from one of Ambrose Bierce's paragraphs in the *Cosmopolitan* in 1908 I learn that, disappointed over the failure of his book, he died by his own hand. And there my knowledge ends.

Dr. Doyle was doubly unfortunate—in his name, and in the subject of his book. When he published, the fame of Kipling and of Conan Doyle was at its height, and such of the reading public as came upon his work, finding that it had to do neither with Sherlock Holmes nor with Mowgli, apparently concluded that he was an imitator, if not a fraud. Yet no man can help his name, and Dr. Doyle was no more an imitator of Kipling than E. M. Forster is.

Even when he is most sympathic in his understanding and interpretation of the native point of view, Kipling remains British, and his typical Anglo-Indian is a benevolent despot working for the best interests of his lovable but unreliable subjects. Dr. Doyle writes always from the point of view of the native—the Padhani peasant of the jungly Himalayan foothills. Englishmen enter his stories only half-a-dozen times, and then—except in one tale about the slaying of a man-eating tiger—as despoilers, seducers of women, polluters of temples.

It would be idle to claim that Dr. Doyle's style is faultless; he is even capable, once, of referring to birds as "the feathered denizens of the Terai." Yet such is the swift dramatic power of these little tales that a reader thoroughly familiar with the volume, on opening it to verify a reference finds himself reading on perforce, and in danger of forgetting what it was he came after. The sixteen brief stories give a cross-section of the lives of a group of primitive people, of their saving vendettas, of their unexpected capacity for devotion and sacrifice, and do it with a graphic power, a scriptural simplicity and directness, which render incomprehensible the neglect of the book in a day when dozens of lesser works have been assigned their safe, though dusty, niches in the textboooks.

J. DELANCEY FERGUSON.

Delaware, Ohio.

"RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

You have invited your readers to send in short papers about good books that have been neglected by the critics.

"John Randolph of Roanoke" (in two volumes published by Putnams), by William Cabell Bruce, is such a book.

If you have read Henry Adams's "John Randolph," do not let it prejudice you against these volumes. There is no resemblance between the two works—either in style or in the portraits drawn. Mr. Adams's book is a deliberately slanderous distortion of this very lovable, delightfully whimsical, brilliant, true, lovely gentlemen. Mr. Bruce has given with beautiful sympathy, the real man.

Possibly I missed something, but I have not seen a single mention of Mr. Bruce's volumes since their appearance (1922). Barring the incident of Nancy Randolph and of the winning through the begat-and-begetting section of the first volume, I believe you would cherish them.

BELLE SILVEIRA.

Jane Austen's Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Some time ago you were so good as to print a letter appealing to owners of letters still untraced to declare themselves. A few have since come to light, and out of 149 known letters I have seen the originals or reliable copies of 104. Rather less than one-third of the total eludes me; but I am reluctant to proceed with my present resources, and that for two reasons. In the first place, although the errors and omissions of the existing texts are probably not serious, yet an edition cannot be definitive which does not make them good; and the complete or correct text is occasionally a real improvement. In the second place, there is every reason to suppose that the missing letters are not lost, but are in the hands of private collectors in England or (more probably) in America. If so, my experience of collectors assures me that they are only waiting to be asked.

R. W. CHAPMAN.

Clarendon Press, Oxford.

On the Air

A DIGEST of the following ten outstanding magazine articles, selected by a council of librarians, was prepared and broadcasted through Station WOR by *The Saturday Review of Literature*:

The New Reformation. Michael Pupin in *Scribner's.*

The first of a series of articles by the eminent Michael Pupin. Here he traces the history of the conflict between the scientific and theological attitudes so often misrepresented, he says, as the conflict between science and religion.

Lincoln as a Strategist. Sir Frederick Maurice in *The Forum.*

One of the chief difficulties confronting a democracy is that of waging war; for the democratic method is ill adapted to the exigencies of warfare. How Lincoln met and mastered this problem is told by Great Britain's World War Director of Military Operations.

The Paralysis of the Press. Gaylord M. Fuller in *American Mercury.*

The good old days of competitive newspaper reporting are passed. Newspapers are conducted to make profits instead of to spread ideas. Mr. Fuller deplores the fact that this condition exists because of its evil influence on journalism, the reporter, and the public.

The Land of Dignified Credit. Arthur Pound in *Atlantic Monthly.*

Whither are we being led by our eagerness to foster instalment buying? In a delightful, non-technical article, the author discloses alarming facts about credit conditions in this country and forecasts the probable crash.

Jefferson's Stepchildren. Arthur Krock in *American Mercury.*

This is a lively article presenting the plight into which the Democratic party has fallen as a result of abandoning the principles of its foundation and because of the operations of ill-fortune. The issues the Democrats must meet to attain national success are clearly stated.

The Plight of the Genteel. Katherine Fullerton Gerould in *Harper's Magazine.*

The American middle classes—for generations the leaders of the country—are being squeezed to death between the plutocrats and the proletariat, says Mrs. Gerould. What will become of them, she asks, and what hope is there for their children?

Being Human. Emanie N. Sachs in *Century.*

The political career of ex-Mayor John Purroy Mitchel of New York ended in disaster. The author shows that Mitchel's downfall was due to the fact that he was too human to realize that the body politic was human.

Wilkes-Barre: An Anthracite Town. Anne H. Roller in *Survey Graphic.*

An eminent social worker takes you to a simple Yankee village that became a polyglot city.

Al Smith: An East Side Portrait. Robert L. Duffus in *Harper's Magazine.*

The most graphic pen portrait ever written of the extraordinary Governor of New York, whose name is so often mentioned in connection with the presidency in 1928.

Government by Proxy. James Kerney in *Century.*

When President Wilson lay ill in the White House, the government needed the attention of some active controlling executive. The author tells who assumed control, Wilson's resentment, details of the resignation which followed and other enlightening facts.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPPIN

SIGNERS BRING HIGH PRICES

PART I of the autograph collection of the late Colonel James H. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., mainly American historical autograph letters and documents, comprising a set of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, a set of the presidents of the United States, noted participants in the French and Indian War, the American Revolution, War of 1812, the Mexican and Civil Wars, and famous American statesmen and patriots, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, January 19 and 20, 1,019 lots bringing the handsome total of $96,897.50.

Interest centered in the set of Signers of the Declaration of Independence which brought the record breaking price of $46,925.50. The significance of this figure is apparent when we recall that the Danforth set, in 1912, brought $14,873.50; the Emmet set, in 1922, sold *en bloc*, for $19,750; and the Thomas set, in 1924, for $26,502. The signature of Button Gwinnett, rarest of the signers, fetched, $22,500. In the Danforth sale the same document, twelve years ago, sold for $4,600, and in the Thomas sale of last year, another document with a Gwinnett signature realized $14,000. These figures have produced a sensation among collectors of autographs.

The prices realized by the letters and documents of the different Signers were as follows:

Adams (John). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Philadelphia, March 30, 1776. A fine 1776 letter. $310.

Adams (Samuel). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, June 22, 1775. Refers to "our patriotic General Washington." $210.

Bartlett (Josiah). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, June 10, 1776. A fine 1776 letter. $400.

Braxton (Carter). A.L.S., 4 pp., 4to, Delaware Town, July 26, 1777. $185.

Carroll (Charles). A.L.S., 3 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, June 14, 1776. Fine 1776 war letter written before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. $600.

Chase (Samuel). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, Annapolis, October 16, 1778. $60.

Clark (Abraham). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Near Springfield, January 8, 1778. In regard to war matters. $420.

Clymer (George). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Philadelphia, November 25, 1776. A fine 1776 letter. $210.

Ellery (William). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Newport, September 21, 1782. Denying the report that he had voted against Washington as Commander-in-chief. $360.

Floyd (William). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Middletown, May 17th 1775. $200.

Franklin (Benjamin). A.L.S., Paris, May 25, 1777. "Hope to live to see the end of these troubles." $1,050.

Gerry (Elbridge). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Paris, July 16, 1798. $85.

Gwinnett (Button). D.S., 2 pp., folio, Savannah, May 29, 1776. Rarest of all the Signers. This document was purchased at the Danforth in 1912 for $4,600. $22,500.

Hall (Lyman). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Philadelphia, May 17, 1775. $225.

Hancock (John). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, June 18, 1776. A fine 1776 letter. $210.

Harrison (Benjamin). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, Virg'a Berkley, September 13, 1776. A fine 1776 letter. $550.

Hart (John). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, September 11, 1775. $525.

Hewes (Joseph). A.L.S., 3 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, December 12, 1775. $800.

Heyward (Thomas, Jr.). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Charleston, S. C., August 3, 1801. $500.

Hooper (William). A.L.S., 5 pp., 4to, n. p. November 1, 1776. Long 1776 letter about war matters. $400.

Hopkins (Stephen). A.L.S., 1 p., small 4to, Providence, July 13, 1744. $7.50.

Hopkinson (Francis). A.L.S., 1 p., small 4to, Borden Town, March 8, 1778. $45.

Huntington (Samuel). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Hartford, February 7, 1783. $12.50.

Jefferson (Thomas). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Richmond, March 6, 1781. Important war letter. $260.

Lee (Francis Lightfoot). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, September 30, 1776. A fine 1776 war letter. $375.

Lee (Richard Henry). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, Baltimore, December 24, 1776. $230.

Lewis (Francis). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, Baltimore, December 26, 1776. Fine 1776 letter about war material. $530.

Livingston (Philip). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Hurly, March 23, 1778. On financial matters. $210.

Lynch (Thomas, Jr.). Autograph signature, laid down on a sheet of writing paper. Next to Button Gwinnett the rarest of the Signers. $2,000.

McKean (Thomas). A.L.S., 4 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, August 22, 1813. Letter of the greatest historical importance, giving a History of the adoption and signing of the Declaration of Independence and correcting many errors which have crept into the history of the famous event. $3,000.

Middleton (Arthur). D.S., 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, January 23, 1782. $425.

Morris (Lewis). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Bedford, October 26, 1770. Interesting historical letter relating to the protection of Westchester county farmers. $430.

Morris (Robert). A.L.S., 3 p., 4to, Philadelphia, February 21, 1777. $27.50.

Morton (John). A.D.S., oblong, inlaid to folio, signed as sheriff. 1767. $3.00.

Nelson (Thomas, Jr.). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Baltimore, January 25, 1777. $235.

Paca (William). A.L.S., 1 p., Annapolis, December 27, 1783. $55.

Paine (Robert Treat). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, January, 1780. $55.

Penn (John). A.L.S., 3 pp., 4to. At Col. Pendleton's. September 27, 1779. $450.

Read (George). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, New Castle, November 4, 1776. Important historical 1776 letter. $875.

Rodney (Cæsar). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. Unquestionably one of the most interesting and greatest Fourth of July letters relating to the Declaration of Independence in existence. $1,800.

Ross (George). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, September 18, 1773. $200.

Rush (Benjamin). A.L.S., 4 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, September 16, 1782. $310.

Rutledge (Edward). A.L.S., 4 pp., folio, August, 1776. A fine long 1776 letter. $330.

Sherman (Roger). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Philadelphia, July 28, 1775. Fine war letter. $800.

Smith (James). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, York, March 18, 1778. Relative to prisoners sent from Pennsylvania to Virginia. $625.

Stockton (Richard). A.L.S., 3 pp., 4to, Princton, March 14, 1768. $525.

Stone (Thomas). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Portobacco, April 17, 1781. $130.

Taylor (George). A.L.S., 1 p., 4to, Easton, November 18, 1780. $475.

Thornton (Matthew). L.S., 4 pp., 4to, Baltimore, February 9, 1777. Fine historical letter. $550.

Walton (George). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, Philadelphia, August 13, 1781. Reference to sending delegates to Congress. $30.

Whipple (William). A.L.S., 3 pp., folio, Philadelphia, March 17, 1776. A fine 1776 war letter. $400.

Williams (William). A.D.S., 1 p., oblong, 8vo, p. Feb'y 17th, 1776. $27.50.

Wilson (James). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Baltimore, December 30, 1776. Congratulations on victory at Trenton. $530.

Witherspoon (John). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, Philadelphia, July 29, 1776. A 1776 war letter. $700.

Wolcott (Oliver). A.L.S., 2 pp., folio, Litchfield, July 26, 1776. $290.

Wythe (George). A.L.S., 1 p., folio, June 11, 1771. $300.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Cambridge University Press has published "John Cary: Engraver, Map, Chart and Print-Seller, and Globe-Maker, a bibliography with an introduction and biographical notes," by Sir Herbert George Fordham, a work that will be useful to collectors in the field and period it covers.

Gabriel Wells, who has many fine standard sets of English and American authors to his credit as a publisher during the last six or seven years, has just published the Bonchurch edition of the "Complete Works" of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In regard to some of the early suppressed manuscripts that are now included in this edition, Sir Edmund Gosse says:

"It would seem that a solid mass of Mr. Swinburne's earlier manuscript has been preserved; that it is good in quality, suppressed by the poet only through shyness or the opposition of Watts-Dunton. Mr. Swinburne wanted it published, and here it is, to lead off this set of magnificent volumes."

The Salad Bowl

The one thing necessary for bedtime reading is a sense of detachment and remoteness. One must feel oneself a disembodied spirit, looking tolerantly down from the lofty immensity of space on a race of beings in a distant star; or, if you will, a naturalist sprawling on the turfy bank of a glass-clear pool, watching the affairs of the scores of tiny creatures scurrying about the bottom. The decorous amours of early Victorian misses, the infinity of ways of cooking joints of meat, the tedious pursuits of country squires, the droning stylistic ineptitude of the persons who invent byelaws, the strange enthusiasms and aversions of cat fanciers and collectors of medallions, the wiles and petty meannesses of butchers, the daily round of Narvik and Bastia, all gently sever the cords that bind one to the dead day and its worries, and aid one to sink into long tranquil hours of soothing oblivion. —"What To Read in Bed," by Bassett Digby, London *Outlook*.

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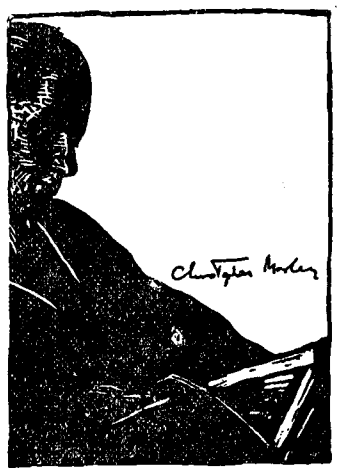

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The Phoenix Nest

A NEW book of poems we wish to call to your attention is *Lola Ridge's* "Fire-Head," published at the Viking Press. * * * We are a great admirer of Miss Ridge's previous work, "The Ghetto" and "Sun-Up." We regard her as in the front rank of American poets. At this writing we are looking forward eagerly to receipt of her new volume, as we feel it will be quite comparable to her others. * * * We seem not to have heard the end of that "Osta manana" and "hasta la manana" discussion. Here's *C. J. Oliva Padro* of Habana, saying that if we are "a big simp," *Dionisio*, in his turn, is "a large boob." Padro informs us that it's really "Hasta mañana" (and please don't forget that little jigger on top of the n!)* * * We have been receiving many communications from *Ivan Swift*. (Have you read his "Fagots of Cedar" or "The Mackinackers" or "The Blue Crane"? If not, tell him so,—Box 241, Harbor Springs, Michigan. His work has received encomia from *Edwin Markham*, *George Sterling*, the late *Jack London*, and so on.) Ivan is a great feller, and hangs out at The Castle, 2574 2nd, Detroit, during the winter,—so, on second thoughts, you'd better address him there. * * * Lippincott is reissuing *Robert Chambers's* work entitled "Traditions of Edinburgh." This book was originally published in 1868, and is a mine of fascinating material concerning Auld Reekie. * * * Macmillan announces a new "Outline of History" by *H. G. Wells*, which is to appear periodically, in twenty-four parts, bound in paper (50 cents each). The first part has just been published. In this new "Outline" Wells has recast his original material, rewritten many parts, and added much new matter. He has threaded through the book an outline of the history of literature, and has added new sections on the arts. * * * We hear that the two poems by *Kipling* still most in demand, and, incidentally the two titles most in demand—not of books at all, but of individual poems—are "Boots" and "The Ladies." They say that every good bookseller will bear out that statement. * * * When *Sinclair Lewis* gets through with New Mexico and Arizona he intends to settle temporarily in Southern California, to work on his new novel. * * * You are probably quite familar with the *Alice Foote MacDougall* coffee shops in New York. Well, Alice Foote MacDougall has collected in a book the recipes for her choicest dishes, together with something of her philosophy of serving them. Her volume is called "Coffee and Waffles," and is an interesting new cook book. * * * *Frank J. Wilstach* has, of course, gathered together his fifth annual crop of similes. Here are some of the best he found in 1925: "Wet as an Army and Navy game" (*Karl K. Kitchen*), "Low as a caterpillar's tummy" (*H. C. Witwer*), "A costume like a siren's whistle" (*Anon*), "Starved as a mouse at a Scotch picnic" (*Arthur "Bugs" Baer*), "Optimistic as a seedseller's catalogue" (*Anon*), "He looks like an accident going somewhere to happen" (*Anon*), "He knocked him as flat as a rubber doormat" (*Hype Igoe*), "Little Goldie Moots came in th' grocery t'day shiverin' like a Ford fender" (*Abe Martin*), "The carpet was so thick it was like stepping on a cat" (*O. O. McIntyre*), and so on. * * * Edward J. Clode, Inc., has been tearing off a $2500 prize contest for the best novel, and *Grant Overton* (one of the judges) says that of the manuscripts so far entered at least fifty per cent are first novels. The contest is open until March first. * * * Talking of contests, if you think you are a genius and can prove it, you may drag down $900, for all you have to do is to mail your MS, prose or verse, to *Walter Clare Martin*, Box 8, Vanderveer Park Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. * * * Mr. Martin is going to search for a genius up and until December 31st, 1926. * * * He wants something absolutely incandescent. If he gets anything *immortal* it will grab off nine hundred iron men. And, in any case, he will award one hundred dollars to the best script submitted. * * * "The prose most likely to attain success will be heavily fraught with poetic feeling." If a work runs more than 1,000 words, only an excerpt should be sent. Do not submit book manuscripts, collections of verse, or descriptions of ideas. No manuscripts can be returned. Keep duplicates. * * * *The Editor Magazine* of Highland Falls, N. Y., is with Mr. Martin in this offer. * * * *Mrs. Ludwig Lewisohn*, wife of the author of "Upstream," just back after a nine months' stay in California, informs us that her play, "Heritage," produced by the Pasadena Community Players over her pen name, *Bosworth Crocker*, was highly successful. * * * *Abbe Niles* wishes us to call to your attention the fact that Abbe Niles is preparing the literary portion of a book of and about the Blues, of which the musical part is to be collected by *W. C. Handy* and the illustrations are by *Covarrubias*. A. & C. Boni are the publishers. * * * The public is called upon for as many as possible of the innumerable two- and three-line verses which belong with any Blues. Such, among others, are couplets which precede the refrain:

"My honey, how *long have I got to wait—*
Oh can I kiss you now, or must I hesitate?"

Propriety is no object. Any verse too powerful for The Homes will have something done for it if it is deserving. Due acknowledgments will be made. The work is well along, so response should be prompt. Any contributions should be addressed to Abbe Niles at 175 West 58th Street, this city. * * * A new and cheaper edition of *Greville MacDonald's* "Billy Barnicoat" has been issued with an introduction by *Anne Carroll Moore*, and with the wholly charming illustrations of *Frances Bedford*. * * * Greville MacDonald is the living son of that *George MacDonald* who wrote "Back of the North Wind," and "The Princess and the Goblin." This is a notable juvenile, and a fairy romance for old and young. * * * The Moscow Art Theatre's "Carmencita and the Soldier" at Jolson's Theatre is a brilliant production. It is *Bizet's* "Carmen" with the difference of marvelous staging and a new adaptation for dramatic effect. * * * The chorus leaning from the higher levels of the ramps and galleries which rise behind and above the stage, work upon the imagination as the opera proceeds. They are removed in space and in concern from the vivid drama beneath, and one feels the almost ironic difference between the hot emotions of the partakers in the tragedy and the just stirred sympathies of the community that is always looking on. * * * And the Russian Carmencita, though she cannot sing like *Calve*, is her equal as a vixen, witch, and tigress. * * * Before the American Geographical Society, on January 26th, Captain *Robert A. Bartlett* talked, at the Engineering Societies' Building, on "Hair-Seal Hunting Off the Newfoundland and Labrador Coasts." He exhibited moving and still pictures, and had an unusual story to tell. * * * The Captain is a real old sea-dog. * * * We note that *The Oracle* of the Writer's Guild published some charming cinquains to *Ella Young*, in its Christmas number. * * * We have met Miss Young, and felt this to be true of her, as one cinquain puts it:

After
Ella Young spoke.
We believed in fairies.
Who else could have cast such a spell
On her?

* * * Ella Young is an Irishwoman who has written some particularly beautiful poetry. * * * We hear that there was a fire in Boni and Liveright's offices the other day and someone who was reading a manuscript of *Sherwood Anderson's*—notes and sketches—went down into the cellar to see where the fire was. In the meanwhile the manuscript upstairs was knocked off the table into the fireplace and burned up. Golly! * * * But doubtless Sherwood has a copy. * * * Well, tonight we're going up to the Theatre Guild production of *Franz Werfel's* "The Goat Song," and are wondering whether we will find it as bewildering as *Alex Woollcott* did. * * * Probably. * * * Anyway, so long!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

In his recently published biography of Erich von Falkenhayn (Berlin: Mittler), General von Zwehl has included important extracts from the war diary which Falkenhayn kept except for the period September 13, 1914, to August 31, 1916. The entries cast much light on the days before and during the Battle of the Marne.

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Cleveland Plain Dealer: "ONE of the greatest pieces of fiction of its time."

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